# YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

## An Oregon County Plans Post-War Jobs for GIs

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WILLAMETTE STREET, THE CENTER OF EUGENE, OREG., WHOSE CITIZENS ARE DETERMINED THAT NO RETURNING VETERANS WILL HAVE TO TRAMP THE PAVEMENTS SEEKING JOBS.

McLaren is a hardware merchant.



William M. Tugman edits the *Register-Guard*.

ha Large is mayor of he City of Eugene.

Clint Hurd, judge, also county commissioner.

***Send this story home. It tells how some people in Oregon are trying to keep their servicemen from selling apples a few years from now. Your town should hear about it.***

## PROJECTS IN THE WORKS UNDER LANE COUNTY PLAN

| PROJECT | CASH ON HAND | STATUS |
|---|---|---|
| Eugene Sewage Disposal | $80,000. | Site already bought; plans and blueprints completed. |
| Eugene Swimming Pool | 25,000. | Site bought; plans being drawn. |
| Power and Water Plant Improvements | 1,400,000. | Plans being drawn. |
| Eugene High School: First part of a $1,500,000 project | 515,000. | 70-acre site bought; blueprints being drawn. |
| Springfield Sewage Plant | 190,000. | Plans being drawn. |
| Springfield City Hall | 30,000. | Plans being drawn. |

## OTHER PROJECTS IN THE MAKING

| PROJECT | ESTIMATED COST | STATUS |
|---|---|---|
| Eugene-Springfield Drainage | $1,000,000. | U. S. Army Engineers have agreed to furnish basic engineering in connection with their huge flood-control dams at the headwaters of the Willamette River. |
| New High Street Bridge | $300,000. | State engineers are working with Eugene and Lane County to coordinate the High Street Bridge with a grade separation and junction with U. S. 99 in Eugene. |
| Other roads and bridges | 250,000. | |
| County-City Building | $600,000. | In the talk stage. |

In addition, the Government still has $50,000,000 for the completion of flood-control dams on the Willamette River, and the State will have at least $3,000,000 for projects in the area.

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THE EUGENE PUBLIC SCHOOL BOARD IS PLAYING A BIG PART IN THE COUNTY'S PO

# LANE COUNTY MAKE

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

EUGENE, OREG.—Apples here in Lane County are thicker than potatoes in Idaho, but no veteran of this war will ever have to tramp the sidewalks of Eugene trying to sell them.

That's the promise of this frontier-bred community which, since its settlement by America's last great pioneers less than 100 years ago, has built up a notable reputation for not welshing.

Today, with more than 7,500 of their men and women away in the armed forces, the people in and around Eugene, through a unique post-war planning set-up, are doing some important scouting and patrolling of many of the tough problems that all of us will have to face when we get back home after the war.

The set-up is called the Lane County Planning Council. It is composed of some 60-odd key citizens who represent all sections and interests in this part of the vast Willamette Valley.

Under a plan that could conceivably become a pattern for all American towns and counties, the Planning Council is mobilizing its forces for post-war reconstruction *now*. Without letting up on the war effort, it is working out a strategy for winning the peace. If other U. S. communities get on the ball and prepare similar strategies, the Planning Council believes, they can and will be in a position to see that their promises to veterans are really kept this time.

Actually, several other U.S. communities are getting on the ball. From coast to coast in such widely separated places as Albert Lea, Minn., Tulsa, Okla., and Miami, Fla., the machinery for rebuilding a war-strained America is slowly being assembled. These post-war projects, as they multiply, are encouraging evidence that certain tough-minded people back home haven't forgotten what happened after the last war when rosy promises to veterans too often degenerated into a ghastly business of walking the streets by day and sleeping in a two-bit flophouse by night. That, they say, won't happen again.

Every soldier wants to come back after the war to a good job and to a decent community where he can piece together the parts of a better life, but he knows that the change from war to peace won't be easy. He knows, for instance, that when American industry, one-half of which is currently employed on Government contracts, suddenly stops making war materials and reconverts to make peacetime goods, millions of war workers along with millions of ex-soldiers and ex-sailors will have to be employed pronto, or else.

The Government, of course, knows these things, too, and is tackling the problem from all sides; but planning on a national basis is necessarily a pretty broad and impersonal matter. In the mountains of charts and statistics that have to be kept in Washington, a human being gradually begins to look like a card-index number.

To succeed, any post-war plan has to be built

A GI talks with Mike Moriarty, representative of the Veterans' Administration in Lane County.

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[illegible] and while a national government can supply the skeleton for such a plan, only individual towns and cities, close to the core of everyday human living, can give it flesh and blood.

That's why the people of Lane County are out to do a job, to do their share in the building of a new and better America. Because it's the sort of job that all towns and cities will have to undertake sooner or later—a job whose success or failure means a lot to every GI wherever he is—YANK decided to take a close look at the way Eugene and Lane County are working it out.

## Stockpile of Jobs

FORTUNATELY the members of the Lane County Planning Council have no illusions about the complicated problems they are up against. But by taking them by the numbers for a while, and by using hard-headed facts instead of pipe dreams for ammunition, they figure they can lick those problems. After all, as one logger out here recently put it, "our fathers and grandfathers licked a frontier wilderness back in the '40s and '50s. This frontier of a new kind of peace can't be any tougher to beat than that one was."

Led by Eugene's amiably stubborn mayor, Elisha Large, and old Clint Hurd, Lane County's shrewd, drawling commissioner, the Planning Council's first big hurdle has already been jumped. Local financial affairs, thanks to an assortment of budgets, tax bills and municipal scrimping, have been pulled almost completely out of the red. This community, according to Judge Hurd, will definitely not be caught with its economic pants down when peace comes.

"With our own affairs in order," says Fred Stickels, ex-sheriff and the Planning Council's first chairman, "we are now getting down to work on two major goals: first, creating jobs for the post-war period and, second, perfecting our plans for discharged veterans."

The Planning Council's objectives:

**1)** To make sure that every returning veteran gets either his old job back or one just as good. Or a better one if he deserves, wants and can handle it.

**2)** To see that every disabled veteran is properly taken care of.

**3)** To give all veterans every conceivable break both during and after the crucial period of their readjustment to civilian life.

**4)** To cooperate fully with the Government on the vast Federal program for veterans.

More wordy promises? Maybe. However, unlike some of the high-sounding plans for soldiers mushrooming in the States these days—plans that would provide us with everything from the Brooklyn Bridge to a cow and 40 acres of pasture in Heaven—the Lane County Plan is remarkably short on sweet talk and long on down-to-earth action.

The Planning Council's slogan is "A 5 Million Dollar Stockpile of Jobs." But the people out here are not merely sitting in the back of Gil MacLaren's hardware store or standing on the Court House steps talking about their slogan; they're doing something about it. Most of the dough has already been raised, or is earmarked in funds now in the making; and the Planning Council has arranged for the purchase of land sites, hired engineers and completed blueprints for many extensive projects, all ready to be put under way as soon as the war ends.

Formed a little more than a year ago, largely through the efforts of Alton Baker and William M. Tugman, publisher and managing editor respectively of the *Register-Guard*, Lane County's only daily newspaper, the Planning Council has plenty of other concrete achievements to show for its work:

**1)** The city and county debts have been virtually paid off.

**2)** A tax structure, by which taxes that formerly went for debt payments now go into funds for post-war public works, has been okayed by the voters.

**3)** A method for surveying local industry, business and labor has been evolved by which the Planning Council can get an azimuth on the post-war reemployment problem.

**4)** Almost 3 million bucks has been socked in the public kitty for necessary public projects, and that ain't hay for a county whose population is less than 75,000.

"We believe," Bill Tugman says between thoughtful puffs on his well-caked pipe, "that veterans of this war are not going to be satisfied with just getting jobs. Our aim, therefore, is not only plenty of jobs with full time, full pay and real opportunities for promotion. We want every one of our soldiers, if it's humanly possible, to come back and be a well-adjusted producing part of our county."

Lane County, despite its huge modern flood-control developments, its great lumber and plywood industries, its scientific farming and co-operative markets, is still essentially a settlement of pioneers. Tough, resourceful and independent as hell, these people refuse to lie back and take it easy while public funds are drained for "charity projects."

"We demand the right to do our share," Tugman says. "We don't object to Federal and State aid, but we insist on controlling our own show. In our plan are included several Federal and State works. We don't and won't interfere with their employment policies. We don't want them to interfere with ours. We simply want something of our own for our own men."

The Lane County Plan is divided into three parts, each headed by a special committee. First, there is the Committee for Industrial Mobilization whose job is to canvass local business, industry, labor and education to determine what the county will be able to provide in the way of employment, expansion and improvements after the war.

*The log pool at one of Eugene's 137 sawmills, a part of Lane County's great and thriving lumber industry.*

Next, there is the Committee for Public Works, which is raising the cash for the "5 Million Dollar Stockpile of Jobs"—preparing plans and specifications for such necessary public projects as a new $1,500,000 high school, for power and water-plant improvements, bridges, county-city buildings, sewage-disposal extensions and a million-dollar drainage project for some of the boggy ground around Lane County's two incorporated cities, Eugene and Springfield.

Third, there is the Committee for Veterans' Relations. This is chiefly an advisory board. By keeping in personal touch with Lane County soldiers, it hopes to find out the kinds of work they will want to do after the war, what plans they are making for the future, whether they will choose to live here or elsewhere. As more and more veterans return, the committee's primary job is to help ex-servicemen personally with the problems of getting back into civilian life.

## Questions Are Asked

FOR more than a year now men like Baker, Stickels and Tugman have been belaboring their fellow citizens with a number of big questions. For example, they have asked Charlie Briggs of the Booth-Kelly Lumber Company what he as an employer can do now to create jobs for the post-war period. They have asked E. A. McCornack of the Eugene Fruit Growers to make a list of the developments he and the farmers and fruit ranchers are planning. They have asked T. V. Larsen what improvements he wants to make on his mill, 20 miles west of town. They have asked local factory owners what new tools and implements they will need. To still others they have put the question: On the basis of regular surveys of conditions and needs both nationally and locally, what do you predict the post-war markets will be for your goods?

And, finally, the most important question of all is addressed to every employer in the county: As matters now stand, how many of Lane County's veterans will you be able to employ, what types of jobs will be available to them and what will be their chances for advancement?

## Answers Are Given

IN the stores and two-story frame buildings that line Eugene's main street, in the bristling sawmills and plywood plants that sprawl along the log-crammed banks of the river north of town, on the rich farms and fruit ranches that lie farther down the valley, the men on the Planning Council are beginning to bag some important, revealing answers.

Take Charlie Briggs. He says his lumber company needs a new mill, new saws, hundreds of new tools. If something is done about "withholding taxes," so he and his partners can build up adequate cash reserves, he says they should be able to spend $100,000 for plant construction.

Mack McCornack says that at present 2,000 persons are working steadily at the Eugene Fruit and Vegetable Growers, that his outfit is turning out two million cases of green beans a year, mostly for the Army and Navy. In addition, 5,000 harvest workers are seasonally employed. Crop conditions are good. Soil treatments are being experimented with for better cultivation of hops and green vegetables; but the farmers and ranchers need new plows, tractors, trucks. These needs are being noted and counted.

The Southern Pacific Railroad shops have 1,800 on their pay roll. Officials are studying ways and means of keeping their employment at the peak after the war. Women are now working in the yards on many of the jobs that men used to do, so SP experts are trying to determine how many of them will want to stay on after the war and how many will want to return to their kitchens and how many now single will want to get married. The SP is also cooperating with mill owners in figuring out the transportation problems that will confront them when war markets fold and peacetime customers start shooting in orders.

Lane County's giant lumber industry—there are 2½ million acres of the world's best timber in the county area between the rolling peaks of the Cascades and the jutting headlands of the Pacific Coast—is preparing for a terrific post-war building boom. Moreover, local sawdust savages like Dale Fisher, George Giustina and T. W. Rosborough are expecting big things from the young science of wood chemistry, which converts rotted wood and waste products into everything from plastics to sugar, charcoal, alcohol, yeast, lactic acid and even fodder.

In addition, the lumber men are cooperating with various agencies like the Home Planners' Institute to encourage the building of better homes for the future. Classes are held regularly, usually in the old high-school building, where businessmen, workers and their wives get free instruction in smart home building. Specialists from Portland and nearby cities, and local architects, designers and electricians do the teaching.

"We are sponsoring these classes," a member of the West Coast Lumbermen's Association said, "because we believe by getting sound and up-to-date construction work ready to go now, a lot of community benefits will be reaped later." These he lists as follows:

**1)** The construction industry will be able to provide thousands of jobs for carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, plasterers, painters and many others.

**2)** A big market will be opened for household furnishings and appliances.

**3)** The lumber industry and producers of building materials will be kept busy.

**4)** Business generally will get a shot in the arm for home financing.

Big shots of Lane County industries are not the only ones who are being subjected to the Planning Council's third degree. Professional men, merchants, workers, even housewives are getting it. This is the reason. In every community there are people who grow things, people who make or distribute things and people who buy and sell things. Every one of these people, however modest his share, contributes something to the community's economy pattern. Fred Stickels and his Planning Council want to get a good unblurred gander at that pattern so they can predict with reasonable accuracy the buy-

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ing and selling power Lane County will have after the war.

Here as elsewhere in the country, the pinch of war, the difficulty or impossibility of buying many essential materials, has created an enormous pent-up demand for civilian goods and labor. For instance, Gil MacLaren needs new counters and lighting fixtures for his hardware store at the corner of Broadway and Oak. With the release of war materials for home building and store and plant improvements, he will need a lot of new saws, planes, hammers and nails.

Charlie Steen needs a whole new set of meat knives and cleavers for his packing company down on Willamette Street. He could also use three brand-new delivery trucks.

Dave Hoover needs new hog sheds, tools and implements for his dirt farm up the valley.

Mrs. Mahlon Sweet, wife of Eugene's well-known aviation pioneer, has been trying to get a new refrigerator for two years. No go. Refrigerators haven't been available in these parts since Snappy Service No. 2, the coke and sandwich hang-out for high-school kids next to the McDonald Theater, got one from Portland two weeks after Pearl Harbor.

The Eugene *Register-Guard* has been struggling along with an old press for a couple of years. Alton Baker says he would pay $25,000 for a new one right now if he could find one, but that's impossible because the iron and steel that formerly went into printing presses are now going into guns and bullets.

All of these accumulated needs, great and small, are being added up and placed alongside the current city-county income, the rate of employment, the community's buying and selling power. Lane County, knowing where it stands today, is in a better position to know how it will stand up against the needs of tomorrow.

## Post-War Education

LAST in the Lane County Plan for veterans, but not least by a long shot, is an important, possibly a precedent-setting, educational program that has been developed by Eugene's School Board and the University of Oregon, located in Eugene. Realizing that many soldiers, little more than kids when they joined up, will come back as mature guys with a lot more serious interests than they left with, local educators have devised special courses in the U of O "to fit the special needs of various types of returning men."

The university defines these types [illegible]

**1) Regular** students who have gone [illegible] into the armed forces from high school [illegible] will be entering college for the first t[illegible] will register for courses leading to degre[illegible]

**2) Students** who will have partly com[illegible] college course before entering the service [illegible] will return to college to earn their degrees.

**3) Students** who have been injured and hospitalized, then discharged and sent to institutions for special training. Some of these will fall into Classes 1 or 2, but many will wish brief, intensive, specialized courses, distinctly vocational in character and not leading to degrees.

**4) Ex-students**, graduates, older men and others who have been dislocated by the war and will want short courses of a vocational nature.

Cooperating in Lane County's educational program is Eugene's remarkable Vocational School, which has remodeled and taken over the old brick schoolhouse on West Fourth Street. The school is so organized that students may enter at any time during the year, and the courses offered range from skilled crafts and trades to hints on baby care for prospective fathers.

Arrangements have been made between the U of O and the Vocational School that make it possible for veterans enrolled in one institution to study for credit in the other. In other words, a discharged soldier who has worked, say, in a garage may take a course in automobile mechanics at the Vocational School and at the same time ponder such subjects as physics, philosophy and Modern English poetry in the university.

## Ready When Peace Comes

ALL in all, the people of Lane County are confident that their plan will work, that it will point the way to a new pattern of life much sounder than the old one that a global war has ripped to pieces.

In the 14 months since Baker and Tugman invited 70 of the county's leaders to the Osborn Hotel for the Planning Council's first meeting, a lot has been done to justify that confidence.

For one thing, their surveys have shown them four important points that give hope to any thought about post-war America. First, in Lane County, as in practically all U.S. communities, people have built up what is probably the biggest fund of private savings in history. Second, as the war goes on, the demand for civilian goods and labor increases almost hourly. Third, a tremendous output of tools and machinery will [illegible] onal [illegible] an [illegible] industrie[illegible] old ba[illegible] a aviati[illegible] to name only a [illegible]

[illegible] County realizes, however, that unless [illegible] industry is able to get back to peacetime production in a hurry, the props may collapse. That would mean wholesale unemployment, Federal relief on a vast scale and tighter and tighter government controls.

Lane County says that needn't happen. Its actions so far give weight to its words.

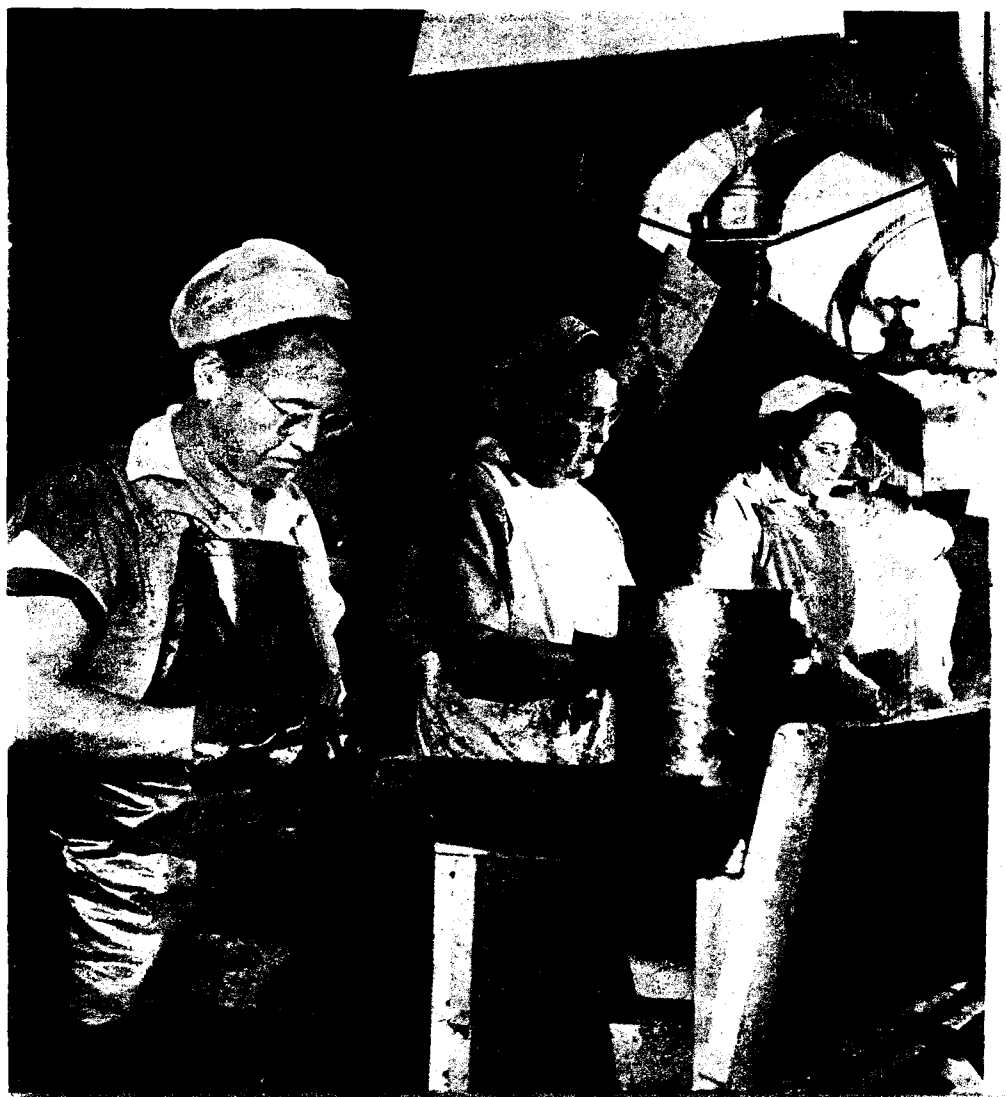
## The Spirit Behind the Plan

THE Lane County Plan is important, all right. But almost more important than the plan itself is the spirit of the people. It is a spirit that you see more and more these days throughout the U.S. It is hard to describe, but it is there. And you can get a good look at it in smaller communities like Lane County, which has given one-ninth of its population to the armed forces. War has never been so close to so many before. Almost every man, woman and child here has a personal stake in it, and the new spirit stems from that fact.

It would be plain goofin' off, of course, to say that everybody here in Lane County understands what's going on in the world today. There are dark forces at work molding the future which no one any place clearly understands yet. But nearly everybody, from the wealthier families in their fine big homes on Snob Hill to the poorer people in their little frame houses down by the SP tracks, feels some of the deeper implications of those problems. Sharpened and sobered by tragedy and personal loss, they realize that unless we win this war and then work together to build a saner world based on values of reason and human understanding—that unless we do this, justice, freedom, security and a decent life for our families will vanish from the earth.

The spirit that you feel out here is partly a new awareness of the bigger problems of human society and partly a steeled determination that those problems shall be solved this time.

Perhaps old Judge Hurd expressed it best the other day when, speaking of the battle for a better world and the little part that Lane County will play in it, he said: "At least, by God, we're on the alert, and our powder's dry."



WOMEN WORKERS AT EUGENE'S CANNERY PRODUCE FOOD IN BULK FOR WAR FRONTS.

HENRY RING (LEFT), DISCHARGED SAILOR, SETS VALVES IN VOCATIONAL SCHOOL.

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## This Week's Cover

THE happiness of Pvt. (that is, Pfc.) Charles Bond over his first stripe seems to be exceeded by that of his Indian bearer who did the job of sewing. In India, eight American enlisted men usually hire one bearer, each paying him a sum amounting to about $1.50 a month. And he's well worth the cost.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—INP. 2, 3, 4 & 5—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 6—Upper, Sgt. Dick Hanley; lower, ATC. 7—Sgt. Hanley. 8 & 9—USMC. 10—PA. 12—Upper left, INP; upper right, Acme; center left, Sovfoto; center right, INP; lower left, Acme; lower right, USMC. 13—Upper & center left, AAF; upper right, Acme; center right & lower left, PA; lower right, INP. 15—Sgt. Georg Meyers. 18—Upper left, Acme; upper right, AAA School PRO, Camp Davis, N. C.; center, Moses Lake AAB, Wash.; lower left, Signal Corps, Camp Edwards, Mass.; lower right, PRO, Fort Sill, Okla. 19—Upper left, Signal Corps; upper right, Sgt. Schnall; center, AAF PRO, Orlando, Fla.; lower left, AAF, Long Beach, Calif.; lower right, WAC. 20—Columbia Pictures. 23—U. S. Navy; bottom, INP.

## Straight Line, Chinese GI Finds, Not Shortest Distance Between Points

CENTRAL AFRICA—Every time Sgt. Wing Lee, former grocery clerk from San Francisco, Calif., writes to his wife, the letter travels an estimated 35,000 miles and takes 55 or 60 days to reach her —at a cost of six cents. When she writes back, her letter requires the same length of time and covers roughly the same distance but costs $14 (Chinese) in postage.

Wing is a naturalized American serving here with the U. S. Army, while his wife is living with her parents somewhere in Unoccupied China. Wing's brother, who lives in San Francisco, acts as the clearing house for their letters.

The Chinese-American GI speaks English but writes to his missus in Chinese. Since neither the local censor nor the base censor is able to read the language, they buck the letter to Washington, D. C.

From Washington the letter goes air mail to San Francisco, where Wing's brother encloses the letter with one of his own in an envelope addressed to Mrs. Wing. Back it goes across the United States to Florida, to South America, across the Atlantic to Africa, thence to India and finally into China. In the final stages, the letter travels by oxcart and river barge until it finally reaches Mrs. Wing.

Sweating out 110 days for news from his wife sometimes has its humorous side for the GI. Mrs. Wing wrote that she was sending a Christmas package from China. When it finally arrived, the sergeant found that it contained a carton of cigarettes that had cost $9 (Chinese). Wing works in the camp PX here and sells American cigarettes for 50 cents a carton.

—Sgt. KEN ABBOTT
YANK Field Correspondent

## Father and Son in Aussie Army, Another Son Serves in U. S. Navy

AUSTRALIA—The Guy family of Dayton, Ohio, certainly gets around.

Sgt. Robert T. Guy, an American citizen whose children were born in the States, moved to Melbourne 10 years ago. Now he's serving with the Australian Imperial Forces in New Guinea, after fighting all through the Middle East campaign.

Harper Guy, one of the sergeant's two sons, was left behind in America with relatives when the rest of the family moved to Australia. He's serving in the Pacific as a signalman in the U. S. Navy.

Sgt. Robert T. Guy Jr. is in the Australian Imperial Forces like his father. He's assigned to a Special Service unit that's entertaining Australian and American troops.

Just to make the family's service record complete, Robert Jr.'s two sisters take their turns working at canteens for American and Australian troops.

Sgt. Guy Sr. intends to stick in the AIF, and Harper couldn't be dragged out of the American Navy. But Sgt. Guy Jr. is suffering from contending loyalties. He has half a mind to transfer into the U. S. Army and "give it a go."

—Pvt. JOHN MacLEOD
YANK Staff Correspondent

**UNLOADING.** LSTs (landing ships, tank) stand offshore and unload men and equipment as marines land on Cape Gloucester in New Britain. The men wade ashore and wait to move on.

## Ascension Island Gets An Amateur Theater

ASCENSION ISLAND—Recently a plane landed on this little aerial way station in the South Atlantic, carrying among its passengers a tech sergeant. When the GI left here five days later, Yanks on Ascension had put on a two-hour show and organized a theater guild to continue the entertainment program the sergeant had started.

T/Sgt. Lew Kerner of Beverly Hills, Calif., who used to be associated with the William Morris Agency in radio and the theater business in Hollywood, is now on a world trip arranging soldier shows and helping to produce them at isolated outposts. Kerner says that GIs "can put on good shows anytime, anywhere, from their own talent, and have a helluva lot of fun doing it."

First thing Kerner did after he arrived here was to go through the Form 20s of all the men, looking for soldiers with specialized talents he could use. A buck sergeant who used to be a tailor was a natural for costume expert. Another GI who had directed a play in school was put down on Kerner's list as a production aid. That evening Kerner called a meeting of all the men on his list.

The next day Kerner was all ready to start rehearsals, but his "stars" were missing. A check-up revealed they were all on KP. Obstacles like these kept cropping up, but at last the show was ready to go on before a large and enthusiastic audience in the briefing room.

Everything was all set, except that Kerner still needed a woman's outfit for a soldier comic. Things looked bad for a while—even the nurses are male on this island base—until Kerner learned that there was a civilian woman in the latest plane to land.

The sergeant asked her to cooperate, but she said that all her extra clothing was in the baggage on the plane. Kerner borrowed a suit of suntans from Supply, and that night the woman enjoyed the show in Army uniform while a GI paraded about on the makeshift stage in the dress she had been wearing.

After the show had gone over successfully, Kerner organized his acting and production staff into a permanent group and gave them a supply of make-up kits, some costumes, scripts and other aids for future plays and entertainments. Then he left Ascension to carry on the theatrical-missionary work he has been doing since he first organized soldier shows on the West Coast in June 1942.

—Pfc. NAT G. BODIAN
YANK Field Correspondent

*T/Sgt. Kerner dresses T/Sgt. Lawrence Newton.*



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...rammed with guns, fuel, vehicles and men as it approaches the Cape Gloucester beachhead, which is already peopled with jeeps and marines before this LST unloads.

# Saidor Landing Was a Different Story For 32d Division's Buna Veterans

By Cpl. RALPH BOYCE
YANK Staff Correspondent

SAIDOR, NEW GUINEA [By Cable]—Shouts and laughter ran up and down the line as the men of the 32d Division raised up out of their foxholes and stared—not in the direction the enemy was supposed to be, but at the strange sight behind them.

Out of the woods and across the kunai-covered plain lumbered two GI trucks, packed with men. A few yards from the front lines, the trucks halted and the men piled out and calmly began setting up the ack-ack guns they had towed behind them.

To these veteran infantrymen the sight was more than strange; it was unbelievable. "Cripes," one groaned, "if only Buna could have been like this. We went to Buna with a rifle and a few grenades and dug them out. And now——"

Now it was a different story all the way through as elements of that same division struck and captured this New Guinea base in a single day. It was a different story from the moment we lined up in the pitch dark and rain on the decks of ships carrying the first assault waves.

Only the low sound of voices nearby and the occasional bump of another pack or the prod of somebody's rifle told you that the decks were jammed with men; you couldn't see them.

The first tiny glow of orange on the horizon silhouetted two warships far offshore, but rain and darkness still shrouded the coast from sight. Our naval barrage opened up just as the dim outline of the coast appeared. From every direction overhead, balls of red, white and green fire sped toward land, exploding in a continuous roar.

Intent on watching this barrage, we failed to notice how swiftly it was growing light until over the loudspeaker came the command: "Landing party, load aboard boats."

We scrambled down the swaying cargo nets into landing craft. Somehow everyone managed to crouch low in the boats as we had been ordered. We were supposed to remain in that position all the way into the beach, but besides becoming damned uncomfortable after a few minutes, it prevented us from seeing what was going on. This was too good to miss, and before long, almost everyone was standing up.

As the boats moved slowly forward, a few hundred feet at a time, we could see we were part of a line of boats stretching along the whole length of the three designated invasion beaches. Behind us were more waves of small landing craft, and behind them, far out, we could see bigger and bigger landing craft and warships.

The barrage from the warships still thundered overhead. Shells crashed into the woods on shore, splintering trees into kindling. About a hundred yards offshore, lighter naval craft moved up, raking the beach with a murderous fire. The beach was a mass of smoke and flame that erupted like a huge volcano. Every machine gun on our landing barges opened up, and the air was filled with tracers.

Up by the ramp of our barge, the platoon leader, Lt. Houston Covey of Fort Worth, Tex., turned around and yelled something. We couldn't hear him above the din, but from his grin and his "okay" sign we knew what he meant. All of us had the same thought; no living thing could exist on that beach.

The boats were only a few yards offshore now, and everyone checked again to see whom he was to follow off and who was behind him. I was to follow Pfc. Emmett Allen of Chickasha, Okla. Allen had been slightly wounded several times in the fighting at Sanananda. Behind me was Pfc. Cliff Miller of Sweetwater, Tenn.

We hit the beach at full speed. As the ramp dropped, the cox'n yelled, "Watch out for logs," and the men started jumping clear. I splashed through a few feet of water behind Allen, swerved left, ran up a short stretch of bomb-pocked beach and plunged into the woods.

Those woods were one sweet mess. Branches, limbs, even whole trees lay smashed and tangled, as though the place had been hit by a dozen cyclones. As I pushed through one mass of vines, I went down on my face in the best slapstick-comedian fashion.

Some yards in we came upon a tiny clearing where a battered native hut was still miraculously standing. While riflemen covered them, S/Sgt. Robert Rief, a platoon sergeant from Grandville, Mich., and Pfc. Joe Dias of Hanford, Calif., approached the hut. They found it abandoned with nothing inside but a box and a coil of rope. To our right another platoon found a similar hut with the table set for breakfast and rice still hot in the bowls.

AFTER negotiating 200 yards more we came out of the woods onto the edge of a large kunai-covered plain, later to become an American airfield. As the line of men reached it, we stopped to re-form. Miller and I flopped down on a log for a rest and a long slug of water. At our feet was an old slit trench and a couple of long-handled shovels. "I sure hope I see at least one Jap before he sees me," said Miller. "After all this training I'm going to be mighty disappointed if I don't get to shoot even one of those bastards."

We moved out slowly across the plain. It had stopped raining now, but the kunai was still dripping wet. The grass had been burned some time before. Now it made a black, thick paste that clung to our clothes until we were black from the waist down.

The whole line of men hit the ground as flights of Liberators unloaded their bombs in the wooded area along the river, 500 yards ahead. As the ground rocked beneath us, we could only hope that their aim was good. It was.

Wading through the kunai is like plowing waist-deep in snow, and everyone dropped gratefully to the ground when word came to hold up the advance. We had reached the first-phase line, and our smoothly operating schedule called for us to wait there until other elements on our flanks had moved up to capture an old abandoned airstrip and take positions along the river's edge.

The men unslung their packs, lit cigarettes and began digging foxholes, just in case the Jap came overhead. He didn't; our planes had complete mastery of the sky all day long.

Sgt. Harvel (Tex) Faulkner of Clarksville, Tex., leader of the first squad, moved along the line, checking up on his men. Hearing a couple of them talk about what a push-over this job was, Tex shifted the tobacco wad to the side of his mouth, spat and said: "Church ain't out till they quit singin', boys."

Out front we could see Bostons (A-20s) and Airacobras (P-39s) scouring the hillsides for targets. Behind us was the crash of trees as bulldozers broke through the woods, blasting roads. Behind them from the landing ships rolled heavy equipment, ack-ack guns and artillery, which was soon set up and blasting away at distant targets in the hills. Others strung telephone wires from the CPs.

As the heat of noon struck us, word came up that the advance was to continue. We slung our packs and prepared to push on.

## In Next Week's YANK . . .

**SUPPLY MEN IN ITALY**

Sgt. Burgess Scott, YANK correspondent with the Fifth Army, takes a trip to the front with GIs who carry infantry supplies where mules can't travel.



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# BOUGAINVILLE PATROL

***These Army scouts in the Solomons, who sneak through the jungles on five-day reconnaissance missions, have to know more wood lore than the Indian fighters of the Old West.***

**By Cpl. BARRETT McGURN**
**YANK Staff Correspondent**

BOUGAINVILLE, THE SOLOMONS — Our Higgins landing boat drones along parallel to shore and 1,000 feet off the breakers. Its mission is to locate a party of 60 scouts, 20 miles up the Bougainville coast outside the American lines. Radio communication with the scouts broke off 30 hours ago when the last "clear" signal was received. Our boat contains extra radio equipment, in case that proves to be their trouble, and it carries 30 helmeted volunteers armed with carbines, if it develops that Japs have pinned down the scouts.

We are outside sniper range but well within reach of the type of Jap mortar that shelled other Higgins boats several weeks ago when the Americans seized Vella Lavella, farther south in the Solomons. Our boat cannot stay too far off-shore because we might miss the beach signals of the scouts. The crew keeps a weather eye out for Jap strafers, who attacked a scout supply boat last week, shooting holes in its canvas and its metal ramp, and knocking off one side light.

Bougainville's sheer green walls sweep down from heights two miles high to within a few feet of the water, like an emerald curtain hung up against the sky, hiding the jungle enemies from one another. Scanning this vast natural portiere with binoculars is S/Sgt. W. A. Orick, a regimental intelligence noncom from Cincinnati, Ohio. A lover of the woods since his father, a U. S. marshal, let him have a .38 to fool around with when he was 11, Orick is in his glory. His costume as he squats on the fan tail of the Higgins boat is an inspecting officer's nightmare: soiled fatigue pants with torn cuffs, Marine Corps suede shoes, a helmet liner and a sleeveless OD sweater that no QM warehouse ever handled. But Orick's boss, Capt. Ulysses Grant Carlan of Athens, Ga., has only smiles of approval of him as the two sit side by side.

"He's a wizard," says Capt. Carlan, who is the regimental intelligence officer. "He's my right-hand man. He sees more than any man I ever saw, and he doesn't know what fear is. He isn't happy unless he's in a hot spot. Orick, what's that white thing in there?"

Orick peers. "Trunk of a tree," he grunts. Twice Orick has spotted signal smoke sent up by Jap patrols in the five weeks since the first American invaders landed, and once his restless eyes noticed a disturbance of earth that betrayed four buried boxes of Jap heavy machine-gun ammunition. The find provided valuable intelligence; it showed that a party of 1,000 Japs who had tried a counteroffensive a few days previously had abandoned the effort, buried their heavy equipment and scrammed.

Orick is typical of the men in this party and of those who make up the other scouting parties that are constantly daring the dangers of Bougainville's vast no-man's-land to obtain necessary information, capture prisoners and kill any other Japs contacted.

Orick points to the spot where, four days earlier, a stalking Jap became the stalked one. The Jap had spotted three infantrymen at work on a radio outside the American lines. Heavily armed, he crept toward them, carrying his rifle, three Jap grenades, an American grenade and a supply of extra ammunition.

But his ignorance of wood lore was astonishing. Although the Japanese rifle is six inches longer than the American model, the Jap was carrying his weapon slung across his back out of reach in such a position that it caught on every bush.

As a result he was spotted by two other Americans, S/Sgt. Thomas M. Miller of Ashland, Ohio, and Sgt. Donald P. Evans of Fostoria, Ohio, who were also moving through the woods. They were carrying their weapons ready, doing no talking and making no noise, so by the time the Jap noticed them they were only 30 yards away. They wanted to capture him, but he threw his rifle off safety. Evans got him.

In the little knapsack slung at his side they found bouillon cubes and two brands of cigarettes, Old Golds and Fleetwoods.

SUDDENLY two tiny darting dots of red leap into sight on the shore. Twenty square miles of landscape lie in view, but rapidly moving spots of crimson are so unnatural that they loom up almost as prominently as the largest peaks of the Crown Prince Range overhead.

The dots are semaphore flags being waved by the tiny, partly naked figure of a white man in a clearing. Our Higgins boat swings hard to starboard. There is a strained moment as the boat comes within sniper range. Those 80-foot trees could conceal a Jap regiment, but happily they don't. It turns out that the scouts are okay. Their silence didn't mean that they had encountered any Japs; their radio had just gone dead, maybe because of two days of drenching downpours.

We ask them how their patrol work has been going. Pretty rugged, the scouts admit. As they talk, their fatigues are wet to the armpits, a souvenir of an icy 75-foot river they forded a little earlier. "No matter how many times you jump into those streams," one scout says, "they still take your breath away."

Short, wiry S/Sgt. William E. Lucas of Steubenville, Ohio, tells the story of their jungle trek. On two mornings, he says, the scouts woke up to find themselves in pools of rain water two or three inches deep. They stayed drenched for 48 hours, with rain, river water and sweat.

They found that every pause in the march means sending out a security guard and that at night the perimeter must be dug in. Each man stands three one-hour watches a night, and everyone sleeps with rifle and knife beside him or clutched in his hand. All cans and other refuse must be buried and all foxholes must be filled and packed down to conceal the bivouac area or at least to hide the size of the party.

Each man carries drinking water in two canteens slung from his cartridge belt, and when these run dry they must be filled from streams or holes. "For three days we drank water from a hole back of a swamp," puts in Miller. "We used four tablets of halazone, the amount you use to purify very polluted water. It tasted salty and had foam on it, like beer."

Mosquitoes are a bother, too. Men of one patrol found they could escape the mosquitoes by covering their heads with shelter halves, but they had to wake up and peek out every once in a while to make sure no Japs were sneaking up.

Sleeping on patrols is done in a six- or eight-inch foxhole, with the scout wrapped in a shelter half or raincoat and covered overhead with a hut constructed of bamboo and leaves in a manner taught to the patrols by friendly natives.

Besides all these troubles the patrols have the usual tropical jungle complaints. Pores are usually open and energy is burned up even by sitting around, a luxury patrols cannot afford. There are no fresh vegetables, meat or milk to satisfy appetities sharpened by mountain climbing. Concentrated rations begin to taste like sawdust after four or five days.

Worst of all is the combat tension, the ever-present possibility of a trap. So far only one patrol has been ambushed. S/Sgt. James L. Buffett, a Cincinnati machinist, tells about it.

"I never want another," he says. "We walked into a beauty, up there by Kuraio Mission. There were thickets on both sides of the trail. The Japs had us surrounded. Only six of us were on the patrol. They opened fire on us. We got off two shots and then ran. We had to."

If the Japs had been good shots, all six Americans would have been killed, but as it was only two were wounded.

The relief party jumps back onto the ramp of the Higgins boat and the scouts file back into the jungle. Three days later the party completes its mission. Score: No Japs encountered, but a truckload of Jap ammunition, mortars, flares and grenades discovered.

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Some tired marines come out on the beach in Bougainville after fighting in the jungle

Although this patrol got the Japs, the other patrols have killed one [illegible] of the enemy. The two Americans wounded with Buffett have been the only casualties. A typical patrol was the one on which Sgt. Virgil B. Fortmeyer of Columbus, Ind., a former salesman, and Sgt. Ray S. Smith of Niles, Ohio, a former steel-mill clerk, were the leading noncoms. They matched jungle skill with two Jap snipers.

"We spotted the first group 2,000 yards down the beach from us," said Smith. "They were out in the open, walking right up the beach, coming like hell. I guess that's the way they walk—just like hell. They're always in a hurry."

A perimeter defense was organized instantly. The men dug in a foot deep and threw up a parapet, but the Jap point man was on the scene before any camouflaging could be done. Halfway past the position the Jap did a double-take, like a movie comedian—but there was no comedy in this deal. The Jap made a break for it and the Americans opened up. The point man was killed, but the six behind him got away.

Next day, waiting for the supply boat to put an end to their mission, the scouts got a second chance. "We were sitting around," said Smith, "and throwing the bull about what good food we'd be able to eat that night. Suddenly the boys on the left flank spotted two Japs."

One of the Japs was chewing on a stick and carrying his gun strapped up in its leather case. That made two violations of jungle-fighting [illegible] and his weapon wasn't [illegible].

The boys let fly at the Japs and killed them. The other took off over a [illegible] shift. "We went looking for him," Smith said. "But we could have hid anywhere. He dropped equipment, rice and candy all over the place as he went." The Americans picked up 38 containers of canned heat of a Jap variety, like the American brand in appearance, and a steel helmetful of cooked rice, still warm. Evidently the two Japs had been on their way to bring food to a patrol, but no more Japs were encountered.

Most missions last five days, but the prize one to date went 13 days. The scouts traveled 60 miles through snarled jungle and penetrated 25 miles into no-man's-land. They killed eight Japs. The patrol's first problem was to scale Crown Prince Range above the beachhead. The party moved precariously by clinging to roots, tree trunks and vines. Several times the earth crumbled underfoot, and once the mission's photographer, 1st Lt. Robert Field of Webster Groves, Mo., came close to plunging 1,000 feet.

The party wound up close to Bougainville's two volcanoes, 10,171-foot Balbi and 6,560-foot Bagana, active craters from which smoke never ceases to roll. The scouts were headed for the tiny native village of Ibu, described as four hours away from a strong Jap east-coast garrison. Miles went tediously underfoot, but no Ibu.

"The natives kept repeating that it was 'about one hours' walk strong, eight hours' walk slow'," said Buffett. It actually took four days. The last 15 hours were spent practically without food. Eventually it came out that the native guides had decided to lead the patrol over a back trail because they'd heard from the native grapevine that a large party of Japs was camped near the main trail. Buffett developed a lot of respect for the grinning, friendly natives. "They're smart ducks," he said, "smarter than you think."

Only one native could speak English, and even his was the chop-chop variety. A product of Kurao Mission, he gloried in the name of Solomon. Many of the Bougainville natives could not even understand one another. Sometimes when a friendly native came in with information, it had to go through three or four natives and got pretty mangled in translation.

The native boys could tell instantly whether other natives were friends or enemies. Buffett never could figure out how. Another thing that amazed him was how much they knew about nature's local tricks. One day the boys "motioned to us, all excited, to get the hell out of there," Buffett recalled. The party was wading hip-deep in a stream in a steep narrow canyon. It was raining. Suddenly, in two minutes, the water rose two feet. The party got.

Each native with the patrol was given a can of 75 cigarettes every four days or so. They went for the cigarettes in a big way. "They smoke more or less like an old woman," said Buffett, holding two fingers pincer-fashion.

While GI chow held out on the trip, the native boys ate that and liked it. They pitched into a breakfast that must have seemed strange—oatmeal, pancakes, apple butter and coffee.

Twice the patrol had to get food by parachute, and usually the cases smashed open in the landing, sending cans bounding down the cliffs, with the native boys in pursuit.

When the party reached Ibu, the natives with the patrol were angry because there had been no skirmish with the Japs, no "boom, boom" as they call it. The natives did not have long to grumble. A friendly bushman came in, waving both hands and jumping around on one foot as he attempted to raise the other foot to waist level. Another native recognized his problem and stretched out a hand. The first native nodded happily and put his two hands next to the other one. Everyone got the idea: 15 Japs.

About 2,000 yards farther along, the party discovered tracks and read them the way an Indian scout would. Here were the peculiar markings of Jap hobnail boots. There were the mitten-like imprints of the split-toed shoes other Japs wear, a shoe with a separate casing for the big toe. The patrol radioed its findings to the beachhead and then proceeded. After several hundred feet more they spotted the point man of an oncoming Jap patrol. The Japs failed to see them. The Americans formed an ambush, with everyone on one side of the trail to allow for free shooting.

There were seven Japs in the party, each armed with a bayonet. They also had two pistols and a rifle among them. As the Japs came abreast, Sgt. Buffett and the others jumped out. The Japs refused to surrender. This time there was no buck-fever shooting. Six Japs fell dead. The seventh, wounded, tried to get away, but he, too, was tracked down and killed. It doesn't pay to let a Jap get away and relay a message to other Jap forces.

Five hundred yards down the trail the patrol got two more Japs. "They gave us a bad minute or two throwing hand grenades," said Buffett. One native got a bead on a grenade thrower and emptied a whole clip into him. Someone else got another. Two got away. Again there were no American injuries. The score for the first four American patrols on Bougainville stands: Jap dead 12, wounded none; American dead none, wounded two.

"The average American will whip any six of the average Jap," Buffett declared. "As far as the bush goes, the average American is just as good or better than the average Jap. The only thing they've got on us is the art of camouflage. Those birds really know how to do it.

"Can Americans live in the jungle with all its hardships and best the Japs at it? I know darn well they can. I know they can take anything the jungle has to offer now. We could even go native if we had to, I think. You could find enough food to live on—not as healthful as regular rations but enough to live on."



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# The Boys in Battery B

***Since Salerno, they've had 35 Purple Hearts. And they think they've got the best gun in the whole Fifth Army.***

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
*Africa Stars & Stripes Correspondent*

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—You have to crawl on your belly through thick mud up a steep slope for about 20 minutes before you reach the observation post of a 105-mm howitzer outfit.

Then, if you're lucky, you can look through the broad slit in the big boulder and spot the nearby German gun positions and convoy movements. If you're not so lucky, you'll spend all your time sharing a crowded foxhole, keeping your head low, praying hard that the Jerry shells will land somewhere else.

For six days and nights, on top of Hill 769 north of Filignano, S/Sgt. Olan Herr of Bluffton, Ohio, wasn't so lucky. Sitting on top of a higher hill, the Germans spotted his OP and began blistering the sector with a continuous barrage of concentrated artillery and mortar fire, trying desperately to knock it out completely. One piece of shrapnel landed so close to Herr's foxhole that it cut the telephone wire one foot away.

"I didn't eat very well those six days," said Herr.

He didn't eat very well because an Artillery observer takes only one day's rations with him, relying on the Infantry behind to supply him with the rest. Sometimes they can bring it to him during the night; sometimes they can't.

But whether he eats or not, Herr's job is to keep looking through his high-powered field glasses, trying to pick out enemy machine-gun positions, moving trucks and troop concentrations, and constantly reporting his findings to headquarters via radio. Then, two minutes later, he watches his battery's 105 shells pop and explode, and he keeps adjusting their fire until the shells land smack on the German positions.

Occasionally Herr gets a chance to see a little more action. He goes along with an Infantry assault company, carrying his portable radio with him, relaying back to his Artillery CP the exact coordinates of Jerry guns just a few hundred yards ahead of him. He has to be exact about his coordinates because otherwise he will have his own shells whooshing down on him.

There were some machine guns shooting concentrated crossfire on an Infantry company and Battery B got the job of wiping them out. So 1st Lt. Harry Van Ness of Newton, N. J., a forward observer, got out of position with three of his men and made a run for it across the road, right in the face of direct 20-mm fire, and jumped for some scanty bushes where he could get better observation. Van Ness and his men saw what they wanted, but one Jerry machine gun spotted them and let loose, killing one American and wounding another. Then, in plain view of everybody and everything, Van Ness carried the wounded man back across the road to safety. They gave him the Silver Star for that.

Herr also tells about another louey, 2d Lt. Arthur B. Merchant of Woonsocket, R. I., who went out with a tank reconnaissance patrol and kept standing up in the tank, his head out of the turret, reporting coordinates while the tank guns were busy firing at some German Mark IVs down the road.

BUT the observers don't like to talk about themselves; they prefer to talk about their battery. And Battery B is worth talking about. It's the outfit that fired an unprecedented 2,000 rounds from 1800 hours to 0600 during the first critical days on the Salerno beaches. The guns got so hot that the boys had to keep pouring a bucket of water into each muzzle about every 15 minutes. This was strictly unorthodox, contrary to all rules in the Field Artillery tactic book. But in those first few days, the Fifth Army was doing all kinds of unorthodox things.

For example, the Infantry drafted 30 men from Battery B to replace casualties, leaving the other overworked, sweating Artillery boys even more short-handed, and with 700 crates of shells to unload. And all the time enemy shells were landing not more than 50 yards from the guns themselves, splattering shrapnel all over the gun shields. But the Battery B boys never stopped loading, firing, reloading.

Nobody slept that night, or the next, or the next.

Since Salerno, all four of the original guns in the battery have been knocked out and replaced. Since Salerno, out of the 112 men in Battery B there have been 35 Purple Hearts.

Like every other Artillery outfit in the Army, the Battery B boys think that they've got the best battery, the best gun. Boastfully 1st Sgt. Vincent Shaffer of Anadarko, Okla., says: "A 105 will fire more rounds, more accurately, for a longer period of time, than any other gun.

"It gets closer to the front lines, too."

He told of the different times they were so close that Jerry machine-gun and sniper fire was splattering right into their gun positions, and of the time they knocked out a German pillbox with direct fire at close range, something that just isn't done with a 105.

The 105 is supposed to be reserved for shooting at targets of opportunity, over hills far away at things it can't see. It is never farther than 2,000 yards behind the advance Infantry, and it's usually less than 700.

So they often take as large a dose of shells as they dish out. The boys of Battery B are still talking about the Thanksgiving dinner nobody ate because Jerry shelled them for five hours.

There was the time, too, when a German 150-mm shell landed right in a stack of artillery ammo, blowing the shells all over the place. There were two trucks nearby in danger of being blown up, and Pfc. Elmer Meier of Kingfisher, Okla., and 1st Lt. Charles K. Fetzer of Morristown, N. J., each hopped into a truck and started driving it out of the area.

One piece of shrapnel broke Meier's windshield and another landed in Fetzer's shoulder, but the two kept going until the trucks were in a safety zone. All this while the German shells were still landing in the area, and the 105s were still answering back.

"It was a helluva night," said the sergeant.

Another helluva night was the time a large group of paratroopers dropped down near them and nobody was exactly sure whether they were ours or the enemy's. T-5 Clarence Pipestem of Carnegie, Okla., went out on patrol and brought back a "smart-alecky German who knows how to speak English." The prisoner kept saying: "Take your gun away from me. Who in the hell do you think I am?"

The "smart-alecky German" turned out to be a paratroop chaplain who had become separated from the rest of his group. The boys are still kidding Pipestem about it.

They kid about their home towns, too. There is a good-natured feud between the veterans of the battery—originally a National Guard unit from Anadarko—and the replacements, most of whom seem to be from Brooklyn. They kid each other, but they work together.

"And that's why we've got such a goddam good battery," said the sergeant.

Perched high above the valley this Yank has bird's-eye view of an artillery barrage against an Italian town.

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THE SHOULDERS OF ANOTHER SOLDIER, WALKED TOWARD HIS BUNK. SOMEBODY TICKLED HIM UNDER THE ARM.

# There Were No Dramatics on the Dock When This Hospital Ship Came Home

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN EAST COAST PORT—The *USHS Acadia*, her hull a startling white with huge red crosses blazing amidships, tied up at the pier where a band and a fleet of ambulances awaited her.

The band played a march, and aboard ship the wounded said yeah, they knew there'd be a goddam band, but why didn't they swing it. The band played maybe a couple of more military pieces and then jived into something that was stronger on the reeds than on the brass.

And the wounded from Italy hobbled to portholes or swung up stairways to the open decks, leaned on the rail and beat time to the music with whatever limbs they had left. From all over the port side of the ship the battle casualties made like hep cats and watched as the *Acadia* discharged the first of her cargo, the commissioned cases who were able to walk.

They moved across the gangplank and stepped into waiting GI busses. Trained Negro litter bearers handled their luggage. Then came the psych cases, each one escorted by two men. Then the walking enlisted men, most of them with only a few personal belongings in little Red Cross ditty bags but some with barracks bags which they surrendered to the Negro boys. At the end of the gangplank two Negro soldiers grabbed every man under the arms and helped him negotiate the low step down to solid ground, that last step he took to get back to the States. One of the casualties bent over and put both palms flat on the concrete pier, yelped in mock amazement and danced rather uncertainly into his bus. He was the only one. The rest of the boys from Salerno and the Volturno and beyond hardly changed expression. Some of them seemed to relax tensed lips to let out the breath they'd been holding. But that was all. No dramatics.

The litter patients came last. The Negro handlers, who deserve the reputation they have as experts in the work, moved them into the ambulances in a smooth effortless stream. In five hours the *Acadia* was emptied.

The whole business of getting back home was just about as simple as that. The swing music was as inappropriate, perhaps, as the marches for the men who couldn't walk—and none could walk very far—and there was a profound incongruity about it: but war is full of incongruities, and the wounded wanted the jive even if they did come ashore with dead pans. They were pretty solemn about it, those with an arm or a leg gone or the few who were blind, but there were no tears. Nobody bawled, no matter how much he felt like it if he felt like it at all.

Earlier, several hours before the 800-patient hospital ship had docked, there wasn't a dead pan aboard. On B deck, Ward 31 was getting ready to disembark. Since every ward in every hospital has its comic, 31 had its paratrooper from the West Virginia hills. He and the Chief, an Oklahoma Indian, kept the bulkheads ringing with their patter.

There was an excess energy, pent up after days at sea, and the wounded sought safety valves for its release. The Chief calmly put his GI cane across his knee, threatened profanely to break it, thought better of the idea and instead banged it merrily on the deck. The paratrooper, his face and arm scarred and an eye missing because of a hand grenade some now-deceased German used in a hand-to-hand fight at Salerno, looked out the porthole to see a launch chugging alongside. He erupted.

"The U. S. Navy—in dangerous waters. Look at 'em! Goddam! Let me off this boat. I wanna get at them USO soldiers," he howled, switching services. "Oh, let me at 'em!"

He registered a burlesque ferocity and, crouching into a fighter's posture, strode up and down the narrow passage between the tiers of bunks. It will take a while for him and the others to get over that feeling which he expressed as comedy but which he actually felt as a kind of tragedy. It is an emotion most returning soldiers have, for a while, regarding servicemen who of necessity are still on duty in the States.

A grave guy from Iowa stood on his one good foot and grinned at the paratrooper.

"Lookit him," spouted the 'trooper, still going strong. "Goddam Infantry soldier. Went out, him and his outfit did, to fight the whole Jerry army. We had to come floatin' down to get him out of it. Goddam Infantry."

The sober infantryman defended himself briefly: "We was trapped."

A Japanese-American captain limped through the ward. The paratrooper followed him with his one eye. "Goddam good fighters, them fellers. We used to send out patrols and the Jap boys would bring 'em back in. Our jump suits were too much like the Jerries'. Them Jap boys was takin' no chances. It was sort of rough on us. Rugged but right, though."

"Rugged, but right," echoed the happy Chief. Then he started needling some kid about having been overseas 19 months and coming home now to a wife with a 2-month-old baby. The heckled soldier swore comically, boasted that for a guy like him it was easy and invited the Chief to go to hell; it was his kid all right.

MEANWHILE the paratrooper threw his arms around a middle-aged nurse and asked for a date to get blind drunk ashore. The nurse tactfully refused and the trooper said well, he still loved her anyway. Among other nice things about the *Acadia* were 43 nurses who had a high average of good looks.

Two men, each with a foot encased in plaster casts that left only their toes uncovered, suddenly tumbled off a bunk and started whirling between the tiers. One was a Seabee, the other a soldier. They were trying to pull the hairs off each others' toes imprisoned in the casts. The ward looked on half-interested. The Seabee won.

A blind sergeant, his hands on the shoulders of another soldier, walked majestically toward his bunk. The ward fought its tendency to hush. Somebody reached out and tickled the blind guy under the arm. He grinned and felt for his bed. The two playful foot casualties came at him from either side and started tickling. The sergeant roared and lashed out in an arch around him, laughing. He had lost his eyes when a clip of cartridges exploded in his face, detonated by a hit on the chamber of his M1.

It was an hour before docking time. From the opposite ward came the smell of coffee and luncheon meat.

"When do we eat, goddam it?" yelled the wounded in 31.



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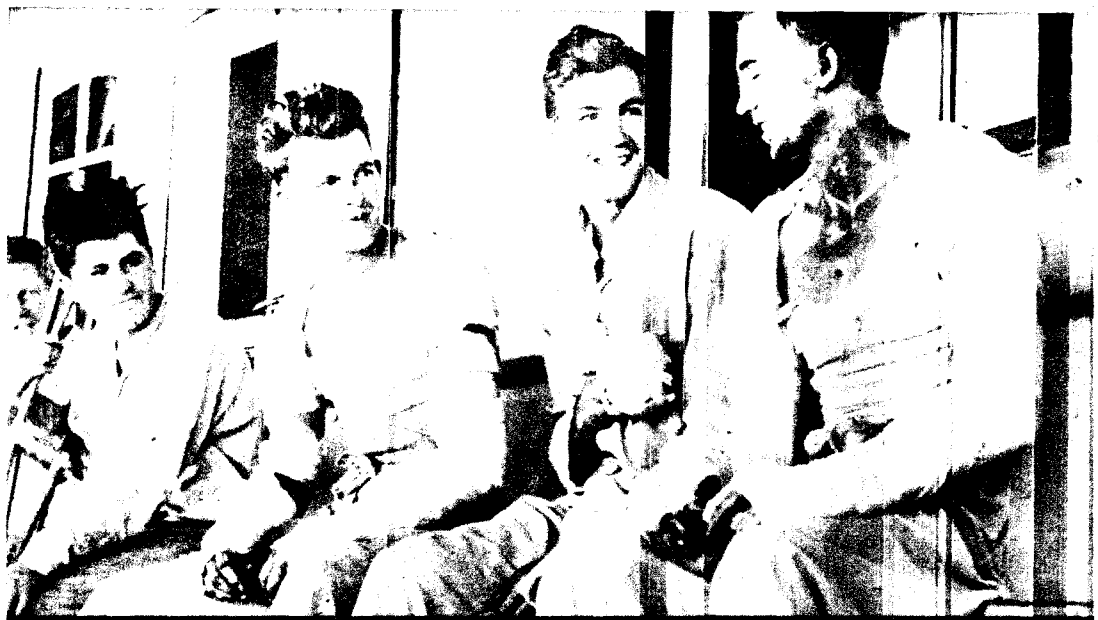

**BACK FROM WAR.** These Yanks were wounded in Italy and are being brought back on a hospital ship to Africa. Army hospitals in North Africa naturally are better equipped to handle the wounded than those behind the lines in Italy.

**MULE PLAY.** If the donkey is as sleepy as it looks these three GIs are not going to have much of a ride. But maybe they just jumped up there for some relaxation, a welcome breathing spell between rounds of fighting the Germans in Italy.

**RUSSIAN BATTLEFIELD.** Three Russian soldiers move ahead on a scarred and desolate sector of the Leningrad front. The man at left carries the base plate of a mortar, and at right is a wrecked Russian tank.

**GEN. SANTA CLAUS.** Otherwise known as Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, commander of the Allied Fifth Army in Italy. Two packages were sent to him to be given to any two American servicemen. In person, the general is presenting them to Pfc. Ernest Gonzales (center) of Los Angeles, Calif., and Pvt. Salvatore Iacono (right) of Lawrence, Mass.

**HOT ON COLD.** Meet Daun Kennedy, Hollywood actress. Why is she sitting on a block of ice? Somebody said she could warm an iceberg. This is the test scene.

**ALLIED MPS.** There they are, going along with the GIs in this South Pacific port as well as every other. Two Yanks talk shop with an Aussie. L. to r.: U. S. Marine Gunnery Sgt. Glen M. Hayes, Australian Cpl. Jack Casey and U. S. Army Sgt. Michael F. Ryan.

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# Show

ERAS OF THE WORLD

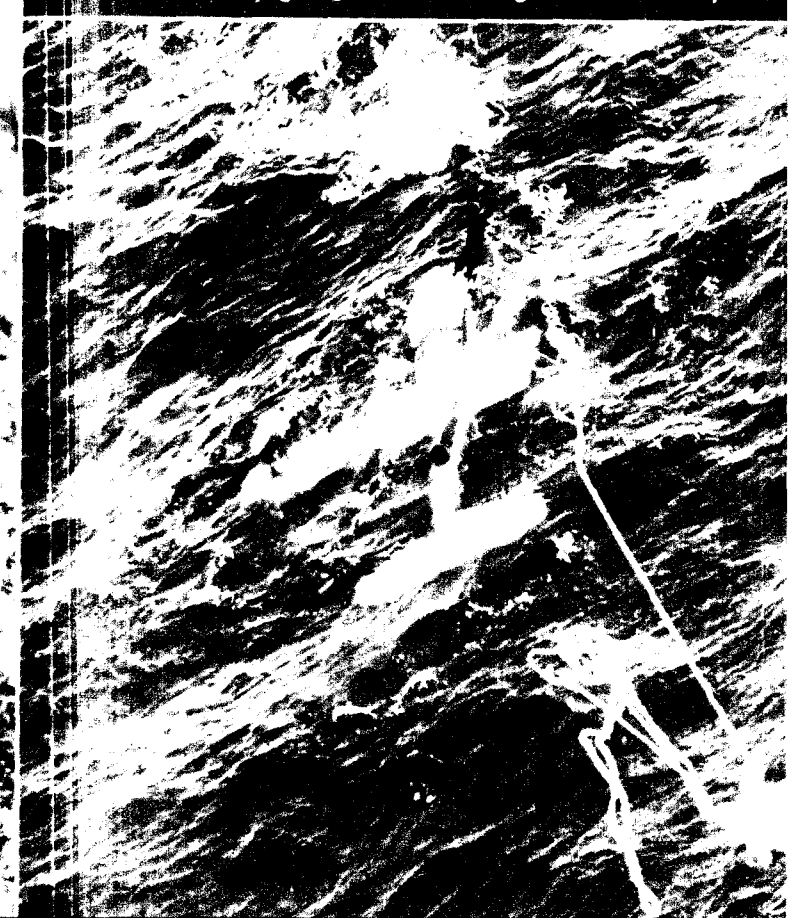
**WINGS.** An Army Air Force plane flies through hundreds of thousands of sea birds over Ascension Island in the Atlantic.

**IMPRESARIO.** Entertaining GIs at the Jungle Junction Club is Tony Steventon, India's own little Yankee Doodle Dandy.

**FOR THE BOYS.** Anette (Toni) Robin, formerly a commercial artist in New York City, is now a Red Cross worker in New Guinea, but in addition to her regular duties she paints and names combat planes.

**SKEET SHOOTER.** Rosemary LaPlanche, RKO actress, was named "Miss Mosquito Junction of 1943" by some soldiers in New Guinea, so she's living up to her title by going into action against the enemy.

**NEW GUINEA FRONT.** During one of the fiercest fights of the New Guinea campaign an Aussie comes back carrying a wounded buddy over his shoulder as a tank lumbers up toward the front. The grim shuttle went on until the Japs were driven back again.



**LIFE LINE.** A Navy flyer jumps from the fuselage of his floating plane to grab a line from a Navy blimp which had spotted him downed in the Atlantic Ocean.

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## Soldier-Voters

Dear YANK:
The Senate action in killing the servicemen's vote bill is a cynical way of repaying the men and women who are fighting and dying in a war which is being fought, in part at least, to vindicate and preserve the representative principle of government.

But this is not the time for post mortems. A large soldier vote, rolled up in spite of the Senate's obstacles, will go a long way toward persuading politicians that we mean to hold them strictly to account. This is extremely important in view of the fact that in the coming year Congress will be legislating on mustering-out pay, educational job opportunities for veterans and many other matters directly affecting our interests.

*Guadalcanal* —T/Sgt. JOSEPH LASH

Dear YANK:
The Senate's action on the soldiers' vote bill makes this vital issue one which each state will now decide individually, regardless of the fact that past experience has proved that individual states simply do not want all servicemen to vote. Many states have all sorts of loopholes in their election laws, and millions of soldiers will be left out in the cold by technicalities. The serviceman will not forget the names of those senators who think he's good enough to be a soldier but not good enough to be a citizen.

*South Pacific* —Cpl. G. S. PANNEL

## More on Negro Soldiers

Dear YANK:
My appreciation is extended to YANK for its sound criticism of the letter signed by Sgt. Nolan and Cpl. Hitner, who suggested sending Negroes after the war to "some country for their own use." It is unfortunate that the circulation of your fine paper is restricted to military personnel, for in my opinion many civilians could learn a lot from your answer.

*Camp Gruber, Okla.* —M/Sgt. M. CROCKETT

Dear YANK:
YANK kinda hit the nail squarely. If from these years of toil and devastation and unlimited murder we have not learned how to live with others, our fathers and brothers have died in the greatest farce in all the history of this world.

*Fort Sill, Okla.* —Pvt. DANIEL J. McGINNIS*

*Signed also by Pvt. Robert Lasson.

Dear YANK:
Great work, YANK. I extend my sincere commendation on the intelligent and forthright manner in which you refute bigotry.

*Patterson Field, Ohio* —Pvt. LEONARD I. WEINBERG

■ *Mail Call* has received many more letters on YANK's reply to Sgt. Nolan and Cpl. Hitner. The above letters express the general attitude of all the writers.

## Rags and Riches

Dear YANK:
Eighteen months in an outpost, plus no beer, equals one damned unhappy, miserable dogface—no?

*Alaska* —Pvt. HAROLD COPPOCK

Dear YANK:
There was a barrel of beer left over from a party we held here about four months ago and we still have it. Believe it or not, I can't seem to get the boys together to drink it!

*Cochran Field, Ga.* —Sgt. JOE FITZSIMMONS

## Fashion Notes

Dear YANK:
I am studying Hindustani in the ASTP at the University of Pennsylvania. This costume is a little cold in the classroom but I find it adds authenticity to my work. [*See photo at the left.*] We have to stand inspection every week and our uniforms must be strictly GI. I get by all right because I wear a GI pillow case, GI sheet and dog tags.

—Pfc. CHARLES CASMUS
*ASTU, University of Pennsylvania*

Dear YANK:
When I read the tag in my fatigue hat announcing it was tailored by Charm, Inc., you could have knocked me down with Lily Daché. Seeing me under this masterpiece of military millinery, the boys thought it must have been styled by Murder, Inc. Or the giveaway may be that "Tent Spec." [which also appears on the hat's label].

—Sgt. BERT BRILLER
*Mitchel Field, N. Y.*

## Grades and Gripes

Dear YANK:
Pvt. Irwin Shaw's "Flood Control on the Rhine" in a December issue of YANK was brilliant, bringing to the fore much that many of us have been thinking about. What beats me is, how come Shaw—with all that good sense—is still a private?

*Los Angeles, DM, Calif.* —Sgt. NAT JAFFEE

Dear YANK:
Your *Mail Call* of a January issue reminds me that America is a wonderful place. Where but in the United States Army could Umberto Anastasia, the oft-indicted member of Murder, Inc., rise to the rank of Tech in less than a year, and twice within that period make two promotions in a single month, while soldier Henry Naquet-Hamilton of the Army Medical Center in Washington, a former research scientist who holds three degrees, including an M.D. from a French university, remains a T-5?

*Napier Field, Ala.* —T-5 H. G. SCHUMANN

## Lost and Found

Dear YANK:
Nice goin'! We were all worried here when we couldn't locate pretty Kathryn Case, Floyd Bennett Field's favorite pin-up girl, but right after YANK printed her photo for us in *Mail Call*, the Philadelphia *Bulletin* took up the hunt and found her. Formerly known as Miss Philadelphia, 1937, she is now Mrs. Michael McHale, wife of a tap dancer who is in England with a USO troupe.

She is also the mother of a 14-month-old boy and is as pretty as she ever was. To prove it, here's the *Bulletin's* latest picture of her in her continuing role of pin-up girl. Miss Case just said "gosh" when she heard we wanted her for an affair here in her honor, but we think she will come.

*Floyd Bennett Field, N. Y.* —MANNING HALL 51c

## Military Police

Dear YANK:
I emphatically agree with Sgt. Tucker's letter in an October issue of YANK, where he sounds off against the tyrannical MPs in our Army. The MP is faithfully charged with maintaining law and order, and he should be the best GI representative this man's Army can present to the public. He should be an exemplary soldier, possessing responsibility, high moral character and loyalty to his fellow GIs. This happens to be a particularly sore spot to the members of my squadron, because a few of us recently witnessed an unwarranted attack by MPs upon one of our own men. Significantly enough, they happened to be the typical "thug" type. I for one say there should be some changes in the MPs. There are too many notorious members in the MP outfits.

*Brazil* —Sgt. LEE B. BROWN

Dear YANK:
Isn't it high time we gave the MPs a break and stopped referring to them only as "khaki coppers"? After all, the MPs do a lot more than just town patrol and railroad train duty. They process prisoners of war, escort these prisoners from ports of debarkation to PW camps all over the country, and guard them in camp and while on labor details. The MPs are the police forces for AMG authorities in occupied enemy areas, they control evacuation of civilians, they guide military traffic and they maintain straggler columns in all theaters of operations. Above all, tactical units of MPs attached to a division, corps or army are nothing less than infantrymen who fight shoulder to shoulder with the Ground Forces in whatever combat zone they may find themselves. So give the MPs the fair break they deserve.

*Fort Custer, Mich.* —Pfc. HERMAN LIPMAN

Dear YANK:
Those guys who take cracks at MPs are carrying chips on their shoulders. The MPs today are taught to be courteous but firm to all military personnel. MPs are regular fellows who will treat GIs with the respect and consideration due good soldiers. Today's soldiers should forget the bad reputation MPs had in World War I and try to be friends with us. They may be very surprised to find we can and will help any time, and be glad to do it.

*AAFRS, Atlantic City, N. J.* —Pvt. JOHN J. McDONALD

Dear YANK:
. . . in other words, we have real soldiers in the MPs.

*Napier Field, Ala.* —1st Sgt. R. W. HOPES

# Message Center

**B.** Pfc. ROBERT BERKOWITZ of the 449th Bomb. Gp. (H): write Pfc. J. E. Holmes, Co. H, ASTU 3905, Stanford Univ., Calif. . . . Cpl. EDWARD G. BOLTON, once at Fort Kamehameha, T. H., recently returned to the States: write S/Sgt. Kenneth H. Lang, 461 Base Hq. & AB Sq., Douglas, Ariz. . . . S/Sgt. A. D. BRADLEY JR., of Melrose, Mass., recently returned to the States: see *Message 1.** . . . T-3 IRVING BUFOGLE, once 1st cook in 101st MP Bn. at Fort Dix, N. J.: see *Message 2.*** . . . GATHA BURCHETT, once of the AAFTD, Univ. of Wisconsin: see *Message 3.*†

**C.** S/Sgt. B. P. CAMMORATTA of East Boston, Mass., recently returned from overseas: see *Message 1.** . . . Pvt. E. DUNCAN CHAFFEE, once at AAB, Atlanta, Ga.: write Sgt. Frank O. Requist, Hq. Co., 4th Army, Presidio of Monterey, Calif. . . . Pvt. HENRY COOK, once in the AAF, Orlando, Fla.: write Pvt. Roy E. Dudley, Hq. & Hq. Det., 254th Ord. Bn., Red River Ord. Depot, Texarkana, Tex. . . . W/O JOHN CROTTY, once Co. Clk. in 101st MP Bn., Newark, N. J.: see *Message 2.***

**H.** ALEX HALLEY, ASN 36662265: write Pvt. Donald Chiz, 1303d Engr. GS Regt., Co. A, Bks. 2412, Camp Ellis, Ill. . . . JOHN HARKINS, once of the AAFTD, Univ. of Wisconsin; see *Message 3.*† . . . S/Sgt. ALVIN CARR HEATH JR., USMC: write Pvt. Frank C. Miller, Sec. 242, Co. B, ASTU 4763, Colorado State College, Colo. . . . Pfc. FRANK HEMPLE, once in the old 52d CA (Ry.), Fort Hancock, N. J.: write Pvt. Ernest A. Paul, USCG, Smith Island, Townsend, Va. . . . HARRY HOFFNUNG, who lived on Williams Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., in Army since 1932: write Pvt. I. J. Haber, Med. Det., Bks. E6, Rhoads Gen. Hosp., Utica, N. Y. . . . 1st Sgt. CHARLES HOPKINS, last with Med. Sec., SCU 1967, Camp Haan, Calif.: write S/Sgt. William M. Quinn, 104th Gen. Hosp., Camp Pickett, Va.

**J.** GENE JANUSZ, once of the AAFTD, Univ. of Wisconsin: see *Message 3.*† . . . CHARLES JOHNSON, once of the AAFTD, Univ. of Wisconsin: see *Message 3.*† . . . MAURICE JOHNSON, who once lived in Alton, Ill.: write Cpl. William H. Broer, 65th QM Co., Camp Shelby, Miss. . . . Lt. STANLEY JONES, once at Moody Field, Ga.: write Pvt. Deward M. Jolley, FAFRD, Sq. 440, Hammer Field, Calif.

**M.** A/C J. G. MARION and A/C C. R. MATTHEWS, graduates of Cl. 43-J, Advanced Flt. Tng., Williams Field, Ariz.: write Sgt. Frank A. Macken, 473d Bomb. Sq. (M), 334th Bomb. Gp. (M), AAB, Greenville, S. C. . . . Anyone who knew S/Sgt. NICK MINCIELI, once at Houlton Field, Maine: write Cpl. Joseph L. Crowley, Hq. Co., AGFRD 1, Fort George G. Meade, Md. . . . ROY (JACKIE) MORLAN, once in 77th Pur. Sq., 20th Pur. Gp., Hamilton Field, Calif.: write S/Sgt. Raymond E. Wilson, 414th PRD, SAAAB, Santa Ana, Calif.

**P.** IRWIN H. PECKHAM: write to old Phoenix Hotel roommate A/S Robert R. Albers, 308 College Tng. Det. (Aircrew), Sq. 5, Flt. A, Hart Hall, College Station, Tex. . . . Lt. LOUIS PECORA, once with the 101st MP Bn., Newark Airport: see *Message 2.*** . . . Cpl. PETER PECORA, once in Hawaii: write Pfc. Peter Carocci, Hq. Co., 233d ECB, USNRTB, Fort Pierce, Fla.

**R.** ROBERT RAMIREZ of Jersey City, N. J., and New York City: write T-4 John McGee, 2c Crescent Road, Greenbelt, Md. . . . Pvt. WILLIE L. ROSS, once in Sig. Co., AWP, at Fort Clayton, C. Z.: write Cpl. J. P. Waldrop, Co. I, 417th Inf., APO 76, Camp McCoy, Wis. . . . Pvt. EDWARD RYAN of 95th St., S. Chicago, Ill.: write Sgt. P. G. Kompier, Hq., 2d Bn., 53d CA, Camp Bell Haven, Fla.

**S.** Sgt. ANDREW J. SANDOR JR., once in 4th Air Depot Gp., APO 922: write Cpl. Sigmund Maslan, Base PO, Alachua AAF, Fla. . . . Cpl. PAUL SEKULA, once at Westover Field, Mass.: write Cpl. Alex Ross, Base Hq., S-3, AAF, Presque Isle, Maine. . . . Sgt. JOSEPH SERRIAN, once at Fort George G. Meade, Md: write your brother, Sgt. Fred Serrian, Med. Det., Sta. Hosp., Camp Butner, N. C. . . . Pvt. JOHN SMITH, once at Miami, Fla.: write Cpls. Ruth Talley and Bette Wilcox, Co. 9, 22d Regt., 3d WAC Tng. Center, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. . . . HENRY SOCKOLOF MMlc, USCG: write your brother, Frank Sockolof, Btry. A, 14th CA, Fort Casey, Wash. . . . HERMAN F. SON, once at the 6th AAFGTD, Calif.: write Pfc. C. E. Knight, 18th Replacement Wing, AAB, Salt Lake City, Utah. . . . Pfc. AUBRY STEDMAN, once at Scott Field, Ill.: write Pvt. Richard D. Nichols, Hq., 359th AB Sq., AAB, Alamogordo, N. Mex.

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**Message 1:* Write M/Sgt. Leo F. Kane, Co. F, 13th Regt., QMRTC, Camp Lee, Va.
***Message 2:* Write Sgt. Alfred J. Patino, 40 Airbase Sq., Gowen Field, Idaho.
†*Message 3:* Write Cpl. Robert Harris, 8th Base Hq. & AB Sq., Bks. 40, Scott Field, Ill.

## SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

***A mimeographed list of all those wanting to exchange shoulder patches will be sent to soldiers upon request. We haven't enough space to list everyone's name each week.***

These men want to trade shoulder patches:

Pfc. Gorman Radeck, Med. Sec. SCU 1944, Rehab. Center, Turlock, Calif.
Major T. E. Tappan, Hq., 65th Inf. Div., Camp Shelby, Miss.
Pfc. Ralph E. Rogers, Hq., Co., 706 TD Bn., Camp Maxey, Tex.
Sgt. John E. Welch, Hq. & Hq. Sq., 28th TEFT Gp., CAAF, Columbus, Miss.
Cpl. Robert E. Bullard, Hq. & Hq. Btry., AAATC, Camp Davis, N. C.
Cpl. John G. Nicolosi, Co. B, 777th MP Bn., Daugherty Field, Calif.



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## Alaska Today

**SGT. GEORG MEYERS ASKED THIS QUESTION OF SOME SEABEES AT THEIR CAMP IN ALEUTIANS AND GOT THESE ANSWERS.**

**DONALD R. WILLIAMS,** shipfitter 3d class, answered with a definite no. "This place," he said, "would have to be a hell of a lot more developed before I'd recommend it, even to sightseers. No, I can't see it."

**LELAND A. DENEY,** chief bosun's mate, said: "Maybe. Maybe this place would be all right for tourists. Nice scenery and nice fishing. But all I can say is Lord pity 'em if they come with the idea of staying here."

**EARL HINKLE,** seaman 1st class, gave a qualified answer. "I think so," he said. "This is an unusual place, and Americans have a great curiosity about seeing unusual things. They'll see things they never saw before."

**J. B. SCHMIDT,** carpenter's mate 1st class, changed the tune by saying: "Sure! People are becoming more and more curious about the Territory's undeveloped resources. They'll come here, including me."

**KERMIT T. THOMPSON,** shipfitter 3d class, said: "Yes and no. If scenery is all you're after, this place certainly would be okay. But there are more things in life than scenery. At least, there used to be."

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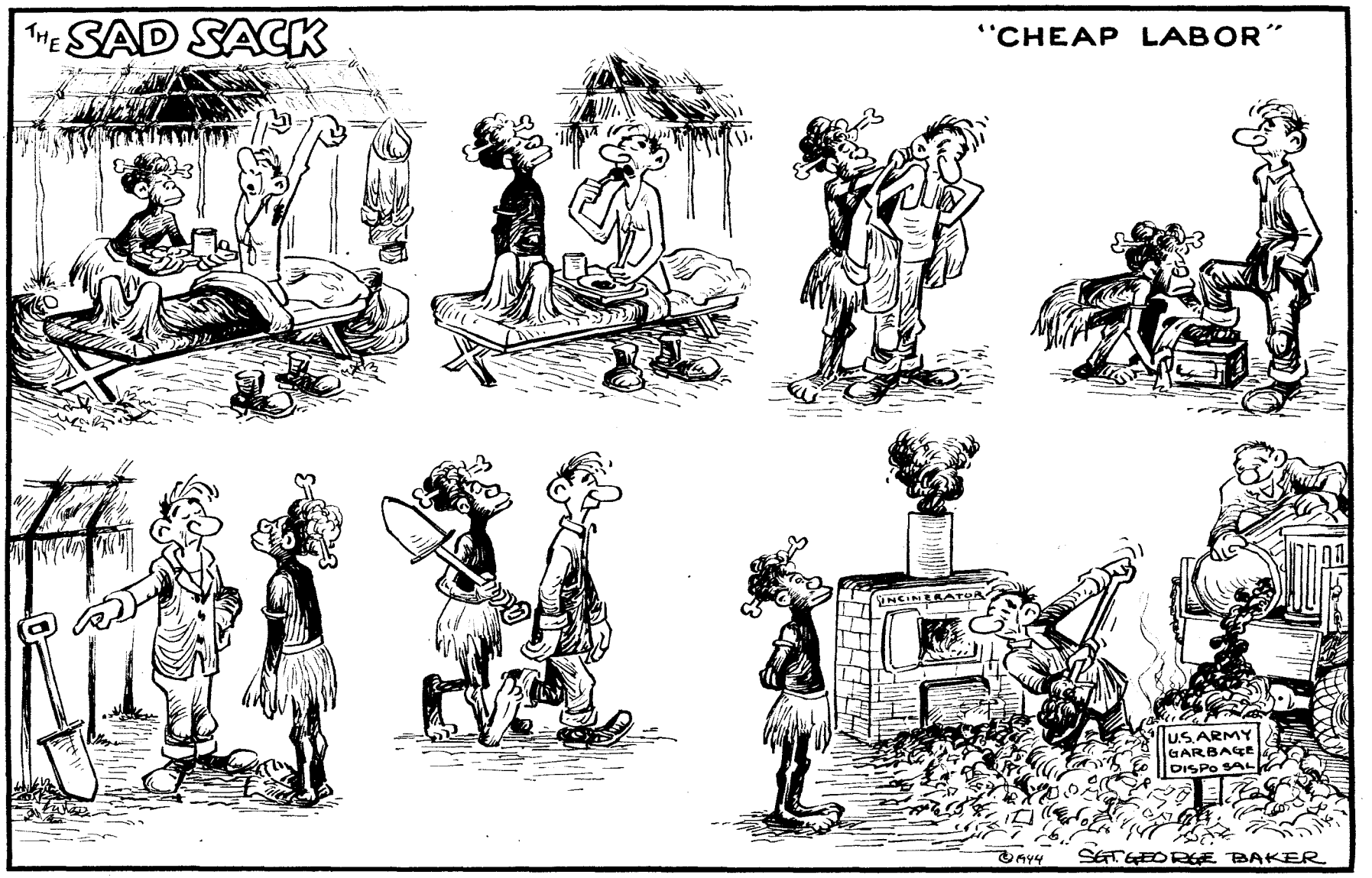


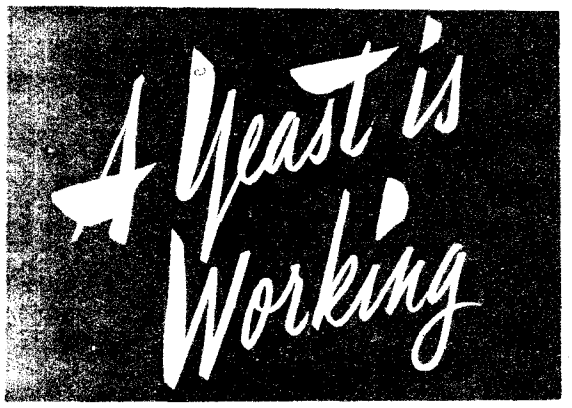


By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

I ASKED for "Horrible Harper," my favorite comic book, but the PX girl gave me *Harper's* magazine by mistake. I got all the way to the barracks before I discovered the error. By then it was too late, so I read the *Harper's* article on "What Soldiers Are Thinking About."

"Service in the armed forces changes men in numerous ways," it said. "More than anything else it stimulates thinking." Later on it pointed out that "the main point is that a yeast is working."

Hurriedly I finished my business in the barracks and set out to watch the yeast work. First man I came to was a corporal who was gazing thoughtfully down the company street and belching yeastily.

"A penny," I said coyly, "for your thoughts."

"Say sarge," he grinned, "have you got an extra liquor-ration coupon?"

"Okay, a liquor-ration coupon for your thoughts." I handed him the coupon and suddenly asked, "What do you think about an International Police Force?"

"Policemen!" he spat. "I hate their guts!"

The speculative look came into his eyes again. "What you doin' tonight, sarge?"

"Well ——," I fenced skillfully.

"My little chick has got a friend," he said. "She's really a lot of fun."

"I wish you hadn't said that," I sighed, "but I'll chance it."

My date really was a lot of fun. Each time we passed an officer above the rank of captain she cried, "Hiya big shot!" and flipped off his hat. She had a nice figure and low-cut dress, so pretty soon the marines were crowding around our table in the barroom.

"Do you mind if we establish a beachhead?" they grinned, drawing up chairs.

"What are you fellows thinking about?" I asked suddenly, whipping out a pencil and paper.

"We could tell you, junior," they replied, leering at my girl friend, "but it would only lead to bloodshed."

Over in the corner was a lone soldier at a table, fondling a glass of beer. He had a faraway and thoughtful look in his eye. "Here," I told myself, "is a soldier who is thinking about something. I must get him for my survey." But when I put the question to him he only smiled crookedly.

"Waitress," he said at length, "another beer." He blew a cloud of cigarette smoke in my face. "So you want to know what I'm thinking about?"

"Yes!" I cried eagerly, pencil and paper poised. A half hour passed and he said nothing more. After another 45 minutes it was closing time, and the waitress brought him one last beer. At last he roused himself and said to me:

"Moral determination may have already been present in men when they entered the Army, and the greater fitness of body and knowledge of arms gained in training are important; but it is this comradeship, or *esprit de corps*—call it whatever you want—that has more than anything else to do with making the civilian over into a soldier. It is the grasping of hands for the long, hard and dreary effort."

His words had a familiar ring. Familiar, hell—they were right out of that *Harper's* article.

"You read that somewhere," I said cunningly.

"Don't you get cunning with me," he cried in rage and embarrassment, and leaping drunkenly to his feet he overturned the table, glass and beer in my lap. Then he began working me over, aided by the six marines, who seized this opportunity to eliminate me and get my girl. Luckily some sailors came in the door about that time.

A captain heard the battle a few minutes later and came in to stop it. My girl friend said, "Hiya, big shot!" and flipped off his hat. She was really a lot of fun, and it was a wonderful evening. The yeast was working that night, all right. The old yeast was really working.

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## The New Troop-Rotation Policy

FOR the first time since it started to send soldiers overseas, the War Department has announced the adoption of a troop-rotation policy. Definite plans are being made to bring back to the U.S. those men in the Alaskan and Caribbean Theaters who have had more than two years of continuous overseas duty and some men who have sweated out 18 months in the North Africa Theater. Plans for the rotation of troops in the South and Southwest Pacific have almost been completed and, according to a War Department spokesman, "it is expected that shipping facilities will permit the return of some soldiers from those theaters beginning in the coming spring."

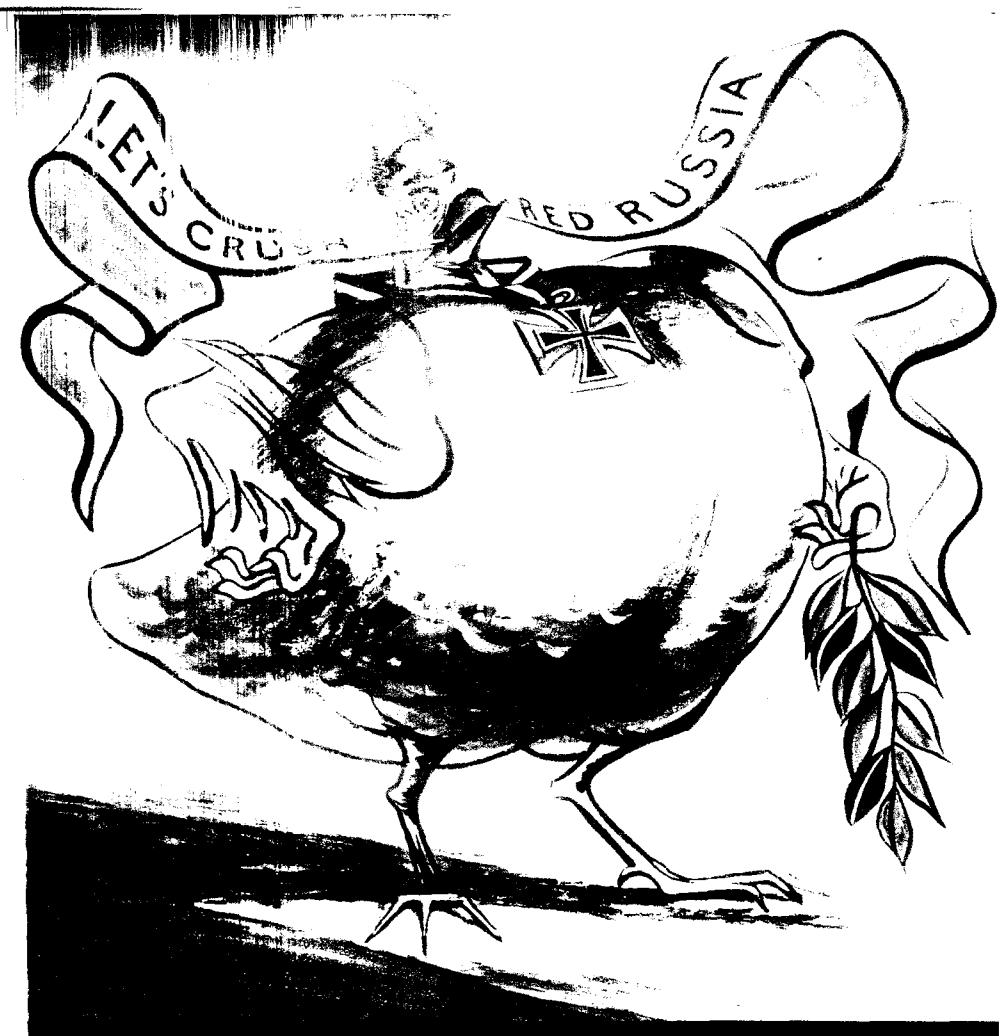
This is good news for all GIs overseas and surprising news, too, because only a short time ago, on Dec. 4, 1943, the War Department had said that the lack of shipping space was making it difficult to put into effect any kind of a definite troop-rotation plan. Evidently the steady production of American shipyards and the relentless war against enemy submarines are beginning to pay off.

But like all good news in the Army, this first move of the War Department to replace overseas units has been misunderstood and blown up out of proportion by over-anxious and over-optimistic GIs who have been discussing it in the latrines and chow lines overseas.

It was received by many of us in the same giddy frame of mind in which we received the news back in the summer of 1941 of the regulation that permitted the discharge of all selectees over the age of 28. There was one guy in our outfit who did not send out his laundry that week because he expected to be out of the Army before it returned. As things turned out, his discharge was postponed because the battery went on the Carolina maneuvers. After the maneuvers, his papers went through channels and were okayed. But two days before he was scheduled to get his railroad ticket home, the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor. Needless to say, he is still in the Army.

Now that they have heard about the War Department's troop-rotation policy, plenty of GIs in Alaska and the Caribbean will have their barracks bags all packed and ready to be hauled to the boat the day after they complete their two years of overseas duty. There are plenty of GIs in North Africa and the South and Southwest Pacific who are already writing long letters home, making plans to get married at their parish church in June.

Somebody ought to remind the boys gently that good things in the Army do not always come on schedule. As a matter of fact, the War Department has not said that everybody in Alaska and the Caribbean will come home immediately after the completion of two years' overseas duty. (A lot of them, of course, have passed the two-year mark there long ago.) In some cases, they may leave the next day. But in other cases they won't leave for several more months. Nor does the War Department promise that everybody in North Africa will come home after 18 months or that everybody in the South and Southwest Pacific will return in the spring. It says that "a *certain number* of those in the North African Theater will, under ordinary conditions, be returned to the United States." It says: "It is *expected* that shipping facilities will permit the return of *some* soldiers from the South and Southwest Pacific Theaters beginning in the coming spring."



*Watch out for this bird.*

The announcement of the War Department's first definite plan to rotate troops is swell encouraging news because if some of us are to be brought home soon there is real hope for the rest in the near future. Now that plans are being made to relieve troops in Alaska, the Caribbean, North Africa, the South and Southwest Pacific, perhaps rotation policies will be announced soon for the soldiers in the China-Burma-India, Persian Gulf and Middle East Theaters and the ETO.

But, in the meantime, let's not start packing our barracks bags and making dates to get married in our home-town church until the first sergeant gets our shipping orders from the company commander.

STRICTLY G.I.

### New Fighter Planes

A REVOLUTIONARY propellerless fighter plane soon will be in production, the WD announces. The new plane is powered by two jet-propulsion engines and is capable of flights "at high altitudes and extreme speed." Experimental models have been flown successfully on hundreds of test missions here and in England. The plane is controlled much like the conventional pursuit ship except that there is no vibration and noise in the pilot's cockpit is lessened. British residents who heard early models in flight report that they sounded like giant whistling tea kettles. Jet-propulsion engines were originally of British design, but test models were made in the U.S. by General Electric, and the plane was made by Bell Aircraft.

The WD also announces that a new night fighter, the P-61, is in production. Known as the "Black Widow," the plane is powered by two Pratt and Whitney engines and is described as "having a fairly long range and possessing effective speed and climb characteristics."

### Reinducted CDDs

Former EM under 38, who received CDDs and are now being reinducted under new Selective Service rulings, will be returned to the grades they held at the time of discharge upon completing refresher training [*Cir. 342*]. After processing at reception centers, the men will take their refresher training at the nearest replacement training centers appropriate to their former branch of service and will be promoted when their new COs decide they have demonstrated their fitness for assignment.

### Penicillin No Cure-All

Penicillin is neither a miracle nor a cure-all, says a WD report on the new drug's usefulness and limitations. The report reveals that penicillin has a high efficiency in combatting certain types of bacteria but is almost wholly ineffective against others. A Medical Corps summary points out that "the most dramatic results are relief from pain and quick restoration of a normal appetite, even in seriously wounded men." The drug is especially effective in helping the body build up new tissue proteins and in regenerating red blood cells and hemoglobin after wounds.

### GI Shop Talk

"Bouncing Betty," the German S-mine that bounces into the air before it explodes, is rated by American troops in Italy as "Public Enemy No. 1." Second most dangerous GI foe in Italy is short-range tank fire. . . . Jap morale in the New Georgia campaign was high, according to Army observers. Fewer *hara-kiri* cases were noted, but a "willingness to fight to the end" was found. . . . Tens of thousands of fork-lift trucks, husky little unloading machines that can be operated by one man, are being supplied to overseas areas where they are used to unload ships, change airplane engines and do other tasks usually requiring large groups of men working with blocks and tackles. . . . Special Services are distributing thousands of small rudimentary musical instruments and teaching troops to play them in as little as 10 minutes. Such instruments as the harmonica, ukelele, ocarina and tonette are particularly popular in isolated North Atlantic outposts. . . . QMC laboratories have discovered that 62 parts of strained sea water can be used instead of the usual 60 parts of fresh water and two parts of salt for baking GI bread when either salt or fresh water are not available.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•

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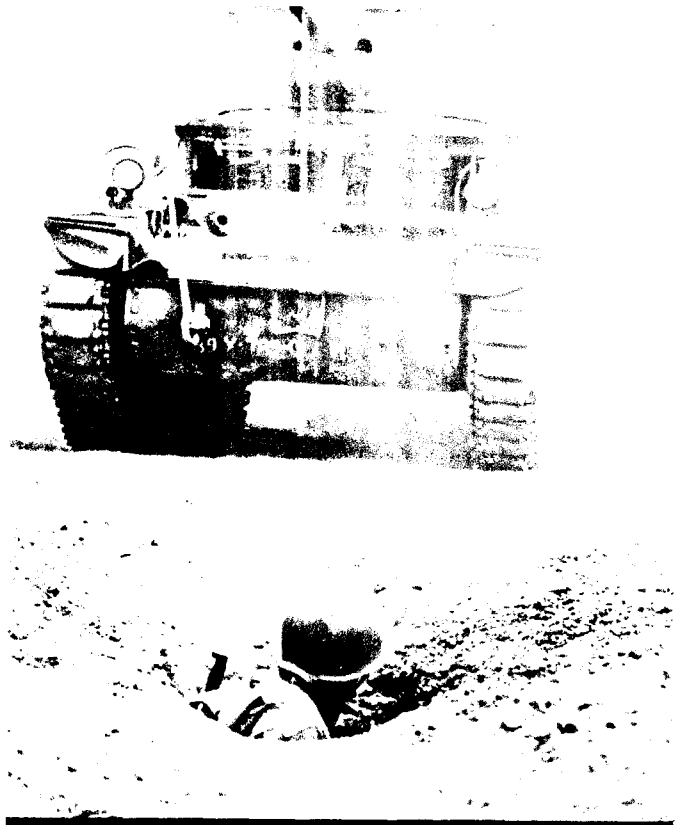

**TROUBLE AHEAD.** At least simulated trouble, and this trainee at Camp Carson, Colo., is practicing to meet it with a dummy hand grenade. He waits until he sees the whites of its eyes and then lets go.

**RANKING WASHERS.** They sacrificed nice clean pants to let GIs on KP enjoy a battery party. At AAA School, Camp Davis, N. C., they are 1st Sgt. Luchius Elliott, S/Sgt. Tom Ammirata and S/Sgt. John Palaski.

# CAMP NEWS

**BEAUTIFUL DRIVING.** Maxine Zornes, bus driver at Moses Lake Army Air Base, Wash., is a girl that soldiers like to give their dimes to. Sgts. H. C. Schoffner and Keith B. Martin (left) are no exceptions.

## Old Paper

**Houlton Air Base, Maine**—S/Sgt. Albert Kallner rushed into the office of the base paper, the *Hangar*, with a piece of old tattered wallpaper. Pasted on the back was a copy of the Portland (Maine) *Herald Courier*, dated 1863.

One interesting item was a reprint of a letter written by Pvt. Jere Looper to President Lincoln in which Looper offered to sell his eight slaves for $330.33 each. The original offer had been printed in the Walhalla (S. C.) *Courier*, and it wound up with this sentence: "Please send your check for whole amount as per Proclamation."

## Reunion at Christmas

**Camp Van Dorn, Miss.**—Sarah L. Kellerhouse of Buffalo, N. Y., wrote the WD to inquire about a brother whom she had not seen in 17 years. She reasoned that he might be in the Army, and she gave full particulars, including a description of her brother as she last saw him at the age of 13.

As a result of the WD investigation that followed, Miss Kellerhouse met her brother, Pfc. George H. Kellerhouse of the 225th Inf., at the NCO Club here on Christmas. Said Pfc. Kellerhouse when he recognized her: "Gee, sis, last time I saw you, you weren't much higher than this."

## Champ Liar

**Dugway Proving Ground, Utah**—Sgt. Baron S. Fonnesbeck was awarded the diamond-studded gold medal (nonexistent) by the Burlington (Wis.) Liar's Club for his prize-winning entry among 6,000 competitors in the contest to find the "World Champion Liar of 1943." Sgt. Fonnesbeck's story (in part) follows:

"The mosquitoes of Maryland were of the P-38 type, and when they landed they always filled both fuselages. The first day I was there, they completely drained me of blood. The second day I was giving them IOUs. Months later, when I was stationed in Alabama, the Maryland mosquitoes sent me a card on Fathers' Day because they had so much of my blood in them."

### *Monotonous, Isn't It?*

**ASTU, Vanderbilt University, Tenn.**—Since last January the Army careers of Pvt. Stan Kutcher and Pvt. Lou Kasden have run parallel. They have consecutive serial numbers, went to Fort Dix, N. J., together and slept in the same barracks.

They were in the same platoon when they took basic training and shipped to the same technical school at the same time. They became T-5s the same day, were shipped to an advanced technical school together and left for a STAR unit together, where they were classified for the same course. They were busted together and arrived here at the same time. Now they sleep in the same room and go out with two girls who are close friends.

## AROUND THE CAMPS

**Salt Lake City AAB, Utah**—Pvt. Ralph Furman, a member of the base basketball team, served two terms as mayor of his home town of Sixes, Oreg., a community of about 500 residents. Furman was only 22 when he was first elected. Now, while he is in service, the town storekeeper whom Furman defeated, is back in office.

**Lincoln AAB, Nebr.**—S/Sgt. Michael Suchorsky was so engrossed in the antics of Superman that he failed to hear the barber's query: "Have I taken enough off?" Another GI did hear it though and, edging closer, answered: "Heck no. Take some more off." The barber went ahead, and now Suchorsky is wondering what happened.

**Mitchel Field, N. Y.**—Sgt. Bert Briller reports on a New Year's Eve dinner for the Base Special Service staff backstage in Theater 2 here. Speeches were made by officers and members of the department, both civilian and military. Finally, after everyone had spoken except the fireman on duty, the assemblage called on him to say a few words. He did, saying: "No smoking."

**COMMANDO WISE.** Soldiers at AATC, Camp Edwards, Mass., are trained in how to catch an enemy sentry off guard. Here's Cpl. Herbert Davitz and Cpl. Leo Hudor, in Nazi uniform, giving a demonstration.

**BIG SCALE.** Sgt. Dean C. Ryerson of Columbus, Ohio, puts a last stroke on a head symbolizing Duty which he painted at Service Club No. 6, FARTC, Fort Sill, Okla. "Duty, Honor and Country" was the theme.

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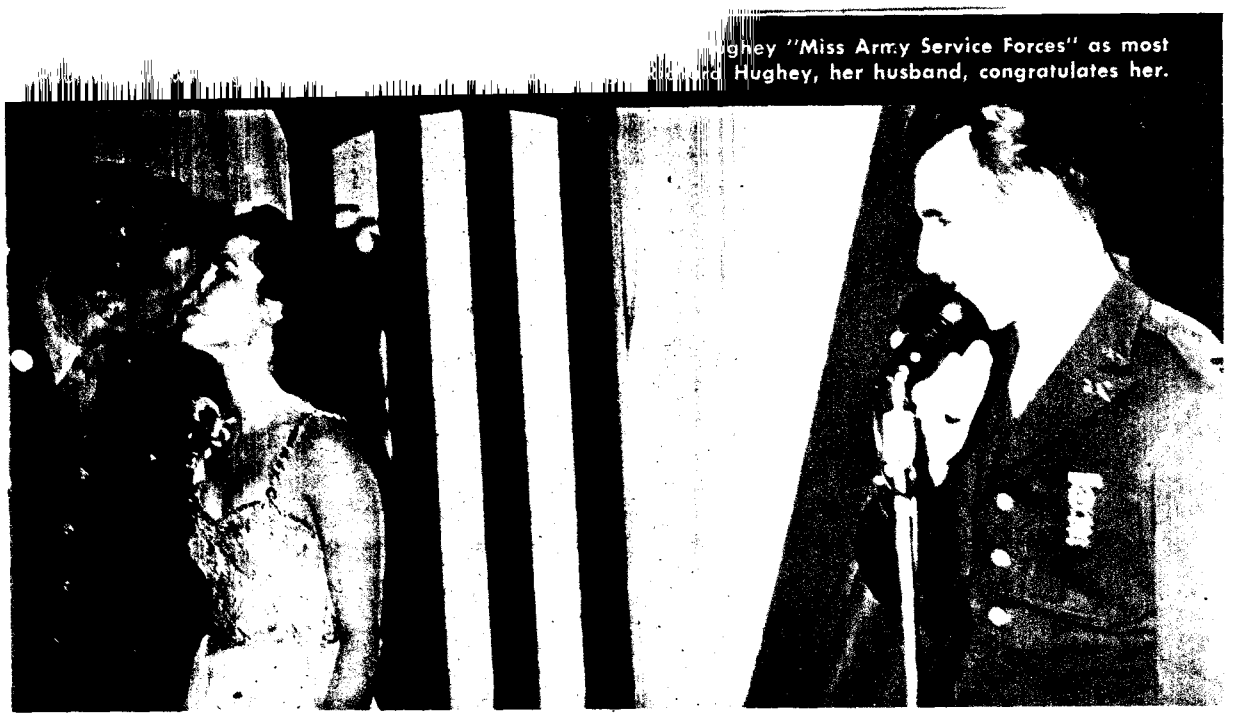
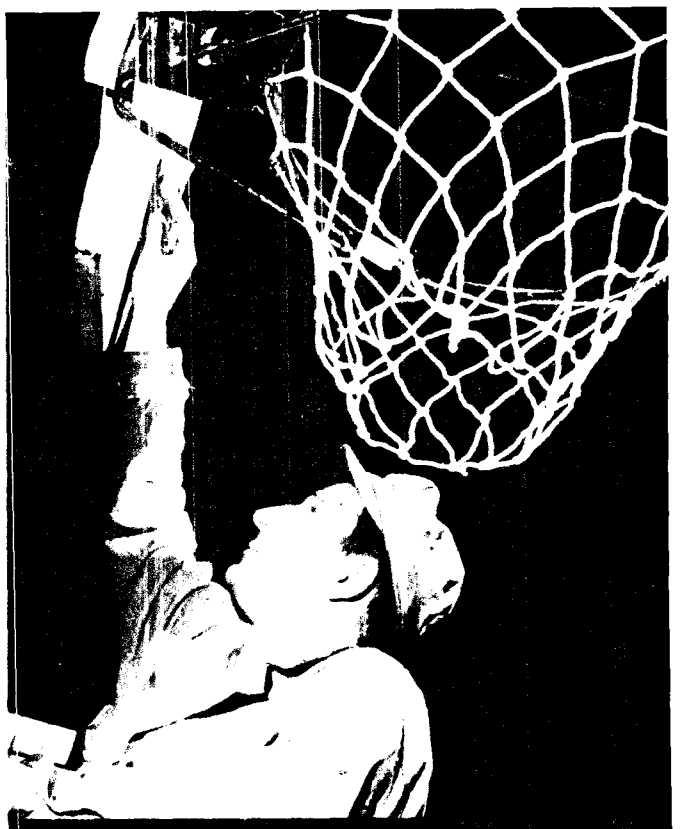


...ghey "Miss Army Service Forces" as most ...ard Hughey, her husband, congratulates her.



**LONG REACH.** Pvt. Morris Arnovitch used to be an outfielder for the Phillies, the Reds and the Giants. Now he's trying to keep in shape as acting assistant director of athletics at Fort Lewis, Wash.

**Camp Gruber, Okla.**—Pvt. Ray Hoffmeyer went to the PX one night to call his wife. He placed his call and the operator told him she'd call him back. Hoffmeyer leaned back in the booth and waited—and waited. When he awoke, it was morning. He'd spent the night in the phone booth.

**Camp Roberts, Calif.**—When S/Sgt. Marvin J. Ewe appeared with his girl for marriage by the post chaplain, the sky pilot shook his head and said to the girl: "Young lady, I can't marry you; you're already married." It seems the chaplain had performed a ceremony a few weeks before for her twin sister. The twin was produced, and S/Sgt. Ewe is now a married man.

**Camp Kilmer, N. J.**—Two GIs, under court-martial sentence to several weeks' confinement, were picking up paper under the eyes of a guard who followed them with loaded rifle. Suddenly the guard fainted. The prisoners picked him up and carried him to the nearest dispensary. There they called the provost marshal's office to send another guard. The camp commander commuted their sentences.

**Second Army Maneuvers, Tenn.**—While bivouacked near a farmyard, Pvt. Wallace Darnell came upon a large sow whose head was wedged inside a bucket. Darnell freed the animal and walked away. The next thing he knew the sow was making a mad dash for him. Pvt. Darnell barely escaped with a whole skin.

**Camp Adair, Oreg.**—Pvt. Joseph Palermo was near the front of the line waiting for the bus one cold night. He noticed two shivering females standing in the dark doorway of a neighboring building. He asked them if they would like to step in line ahead of him and have a better chance at a seat. The girls accepted his offer, but so did three GIs who were hidden behind them in the doorway. Pvt. Palermo stood all the way to camp.

**Winners in YANK's Shutterbug Contest will be announced here next week. While you're waiting, why not send in that interesting news item, picture or feature. Address it to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Pentagon, Washington, D. C., and request that it be forwarded to YANK, The Army Weekly.**

### *Not GI Issue*

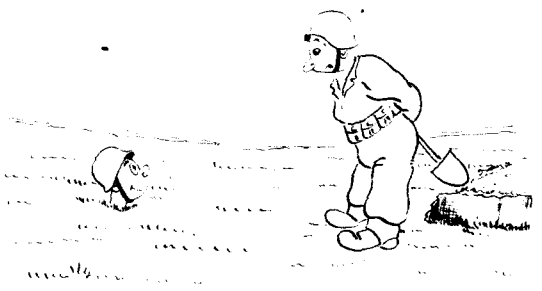
**Camp Lee, Va.**—Pfc. John Ellard, of the 1st QM Demonstration Bn. at the QM School here, takes his Army phraseology to heart. When the battalion provided a guest roster for a party, Pfc. Ellard signed up as follows:

"1 ea., wife, small—civilian issue."

**Camp Santa Anita, Calif.**—Pfc. Al Bayus, DEML, has decided that women just can't be trusted. Recently he went out with a blond and at the end of the evening made another date with her. When he went to keep the second date, he didn't recognize her at first—she'd changed to a brunette.

**Camp Wolters, Tex.**—Pvt. Edward Frederickson thought it would be a nice idea if he introduced some of his pals to his wife in Detroit, via telephone. But the pals crossed him up by hinting to Mrs. Frederickson that her husband was at that moment doing the night spots with them. It cost Frederickson an extra three bucks to convince her that the boys were only kidding.

**Camp Howze, Tex.**—Pvt. Joe Roberts figured out a scheme by which his quota of incoming mail would be materially increased. On his return trip from a maneuver area he wrote his name and address on several pieces of paper and dropped them out wherever he saw a group of gals along the way. As a result he got 15 letters in two days.



*"Look, Joe, you owe it to your country and your buddies to tell me how you dug that foxhole."*

—Sgt. Marshall M. Cahoon, Camp Chaffee (Ark.) Armodier

**McCARTHY'S COUSIN.** Bright boy Willie MacGruder (left), who speaks via Pfc. Gene Snead, has the listeners wound up in admiration when he goes on the air at AAF Tactical Center, Orlando, Fla.

**THE SMITHS,** five of them, unrelated but all in the same bomber, flying for the ATC out of Long Beach, Calif. L. to r. Capt. Claude W., T. Sgt. James F., 1st Lt. Frank S., S/Sgt. Neal L. and 2d Lt. Raymond S.

**DOG ALARM.** Terry O'Wac, one of the pups that act as mascots for the Wacs in training at Fort Des Moines, Ia., decides it's time to get the bugler up. She's T-5 Eloise R. Allinger, who plays 28 calls a day.

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# NAVY NOTES

**Specialty Mark Illustrated. Boatswain's Mate: Seagoing supervisor, usually senior petty officer of deck divisions. Has charge of loading and unloading gear, anchor and mooring gear.**

## New Pay Plan

A NEW and improved pay plan for Navy officers and enlisted men will go into effect about July 1. Main change is the elimination of the transfer pay account, heretofore an efficient way of starving a man being transferred. Under the new plan, every man will have a card listing his rate, pay, allotments, etc. This will be filed where he is stationed and entries of his withdrawals will be made. When he is transferred, he will be given the card to carry with him. Thus, while traveling, he will have a complete record of his pay and a means of getting paid en route by any disbursing officer. Changes in a man's rate will be immediately recorded on his card, assuring accuracy of his pay status. New cards will be issued every six months.

## Flat Tops

UndersecNav James V. Forrestal revealed recently that more than 65 carriers have been built since we entered the war. At least 17 of these are strictly combat carriers. . . . The names Tarawa and Makin Island will be given to two new carriers now on the ways. The *Tarawa* will be a combat carrier, the *Makin Island* an escort carrier. The names were suggested by Adm. King and approved by SecNav Knox. . . . The number of jeeps assigned to work on carriers has been raised. Large carriers now have four instead of three and other types have three on board.

## Insignia for NATS

Latest Naval organization to hop on the insignia bandwagon is the Naval Air Transport Service, whose crest [*left below*] was recently adopted as a result of a contest. NATS is the Navy's equivalent of the Army Ferry Command [*insignia at right*]. Its planes haul men and material to places where they're needed quickly.

NAVAL AIR TRANSPORT SERVICE

## The Mystery of the Crashing Planes

The Bureau of Medicine and Surgery has tracked down one of the most mysterious of wartime killers in a search possessing the suspense of a detective story, even to the surprise ending.

Squadron commanders in the Pacific were baffled by the cases of pilots who would waver in night formations, then turn downward and crash into the sea. After investigating and discarding dozens of possibilities, the Navy medics came to a strange conclusion, based on a common mental weakness. The doctors knew that a bright spot, when you look at it long enough, appears to waver. This produces a mysterious mental preoccupation, technically known as autokinetic fascination—a factor in hypnotism.

Medicine and Surgery discovered that the pilots, intent on keeping formation at night, were staring at the tail lights of the planes in front of them and after a long period were becoming victims of hypnotic fascination and crashing. The cure: warn all pilots and ask BuAer to put two tail lights on all Navy planes.

—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c

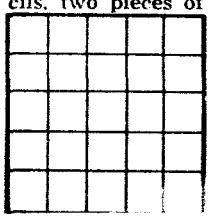
THIS week we have an example of the simple or direct type of pin-up photo in which the girl suitably attired merely stands there and looks at her public with a frank and honest look. No bear rugs no sea walls no diving boards no props at all. Just girl. The exponent of this technique is Ann Savage, a green-eyed blond, whose new movie for Columbia Pictures is "Ten Percent Woman."

*"He's the author."*

—Pvt. R. H. Sebastian

## POOR MAN'S BLACKJACK

IF you've sworn off the pasteboards, there's always this pencil and paper version of blackjack. All you and your buddy need are a couple of pencils, two pieces of paper and a quarter of an hour.



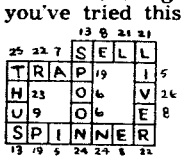
To start with, each player draws this diagram on his sheet of paper.

Now the first player calls out a number between 1 and 9 and each player writes that number in some square on his diagram. Then the second player calls out a number between 1 and 9, and each writes it down as before. They continue to call out numbers alternately and write them down until 25 numbers have been called out and both diagrams are filled. Neither player sees his opponent's diagram during the contest.

The object is to see which player can get the greatest number of columns (horizontal, vertical or the two main diagonals) that add up to 25.

## TEE-TOTAL

BIG Puzzle Kits will go to GIs (that includes Coast Guard, the Marines, etc.) who submit the highest scores on this puzzle. If you've tried this before and failed to win a prize, don't give up hope. Try again, but remember you've got a lot of competition.



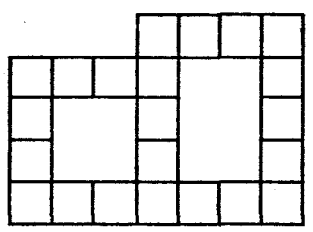

Fill in this diagram with six good English words. Don't use names of persons or places. And don't comb the dictionary for rare words. Tee-Totals are meant to test your ingenuity, not your ability to read Webster's.

To figure your score, add the number values of the *twenty-two* letters you have used, giving each letter its value as shown on the table below. The trick is to use ordinary words containing a lot of letters of high value. *In adding the score, count each of the 22 letters in your diagram only once.*

The example above rates 334. Can you beat it?

**LETTER VALUES**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A | 7 | N | 24 |
| B | 16 | O | 6 |
| C | 15 | P | 19 |
| D | 17 | Q | 1 |
| E | 8 | R | 22 |
| F | 18 | S | 13 |
| G | 14 | T | 25 |
| H | 23 | U | 9 |
| I | 5 | V | 26 |
| J | 3 | W | 12 |
| K | 10 | X | 4 |
| L | 21 | Y | 11 |
| M | 20 | Z | 2 |



Score..... Submitted by:

.....

.....

.....

Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S., within *eight* weeks if you are outside the U. S. Winners in U. S. will be listed on page 22 of the March 18 issue.

## LETTER DIVISION

LETTERS have been substituted for numbers in this problem. The same letter always represents the same number. Numbers run from 0 through 9. Can you figure it out?

```
        AND
GIN)BRAINS
    BBJG
    ----
    DBAN
    XNGR
    ----
    XXGS
    ARDI
    ----
     DSR
```

Here are some hints:

Look at the fourth and fifth lines (DBAN and XNGR). It is apparent here that D is one greater than X.

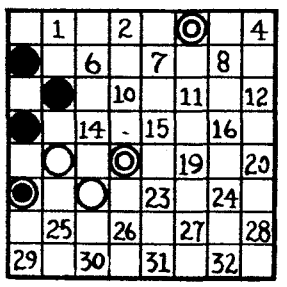
Look at the sixth, seventh and eighth lines. You'll see that D plus R equals X plus 10. (Plus 10, because 1 has obviously been carried over to the next column on the left.) This gives you two possible values for R. The correct one depends on whether 1 has been carried over from the next column on the right.

But N times N equals a number ending in R (see first, second and fifth lines). This, in connection with the above clue, immediately establishes the value of R. The rest should follow without too much trouble.

As you figure out a number, write it in beneath the letter that represents it. You can check your solution with the one on page 22.

## CHECKER STRATEGY

BLACK has just attacked by 25 to 21. Looks as if White is finished, because if he goes 17 to 14, then Black chases 21 to 17 and gains a piece.




But the shoe is really on the other foot. Black's last attacking move will prove a blunder; it is White who can now cop the game. That's it—*White to move and win.*

Before checking your analysis with the answer on page 22, number your playing squares from 1 to 32 as shown.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# POST CHANGE

**This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.**

**If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.**

### *DAY DREAM*

In a little Algiers garden
Fringed with heaven's fragrant dew,
Where the weeping willows sigh,
I would like to be with you.

We could watch the drifting sky,
Smell the perfumed flowers, too;
But, my darling, that's not why
I would like to be with you
In a little Algiers garden.

*Fort Benning, Ga.* —Sgt. LEONARD SUMMERS

### *SUZIE ON THE WALL*

Bugbee's the guy in the bunk next to mine.
And Bugbee's got Suzie and Suzie's divine.
Suzie smiles down from our communal wall,
Smiles sweetly at me and at Calvin and Paul.
O Bugbee's near frantic and Bugbee's near mad,
And deep is the green in the eye of the lad;
He threatens to tear Suzie down from the wall.
But Suzie demurely still smiles on us all.

Dear Bugbee, rest easy, the maiden is yours,
And when you come marching home from the wars,
Attired in honor, triumphant for truth,
Resplendent in glory and shining with youth,
Suzie will smile from her doorstep through tears
And smile for you only throughout the years.

*Dale Mabry Field, Fla.* —Pfc. SIDNEY MASON

### *TALE OF A THIRSTY GI*

'Twas the night before pay day
And I looked far and near,
I searched through my pockets
For the price of a beer.

But the kale was off duty,
Milled edges had quit;
There wasn't a quarter,
Not even a jit.

Forward, turn forward,
Oh time in thy flight;
Make it tomorrow
Just for tonight.

*Westover Field, Mass.* —Cpl. ANDREAS HELMUTH

### *A THOUGHT FOR HITLER*

On the granite face of cliffs
Pharaoh carved his hieroglyphs.
He is dust; his words are stone
Read by heedless winds alone.

*Camp Shelby, Miss.* —Sgt. GRANT A. SANDERS

I DROPPED my bags on the barracks floor, walked outside and looked around. The place seemed pretty dismal, right in the middle of nowhere, but in the middle. I walked inside again and asked a corporal who had the bunk next to mine if there was a town nearby.

"There's something that calls itself a town," he said. "Just a couple of stores, and you have to walk three miles through the snow to get there. Being sent to town is company punishment—that's how bad it is."

"Any gals around here?" I asked.

His eyes lit up. "Bud, you been to the library yet?"

"No, I don't want to read. What I asked was——"

"Read, hell. Honey is there!" he said. His voice lifted. "She's the only dame around here, and boy, what a dream!"

"A dream, hey? How do I get——?"

"Dream," he repeated, cutting in. "Say, Honey would put Betty Grable out of business. Is she stacked! I mean she's stacked!"

I thought the guy was going to take off, he was that worked up. "Look," I said, "stop stalling. Which way to the library?"

He pointed to a shack they called a library, and I sprinted through the snow to see Honey.

She was sitting behind a desk doing a crossword puzzle, and frankly she looked more like a nightmare than a dream. From what I could see of her legs they were two thin bones. She had buck teeth, blotchy skin and a mouth like a slit in a potato. Her eyes were small and beady, her dirty blond hair was stringy and her clothes would have fitted better on a hanger.

"Whatcha want, soldjeer?" Honey asked. Her words stumbled over her teeth.

"Sorry, I'm in the wrong building," I said quickly, backing out.

I found my pal, the corporal. "What's the deal? Who you kidding?" I asked. "That Honey is a sad sack if ever——"

"Don't say it, don't say it!" he cut in. "And remember, you'll have to wait your turn if you want to date her."

"Date her? You got rocks in your head?"

He stared at me for a moment and smiled sadly. "You only been here a day. Remember she's the only girl here. In time——"

"I don't care if she's the only dame left in the world. She's a mess!"

"Okay, then don't date her," he said and walked away.

It's a funny thing, but about a week later I happened to see Honey trudging through the snow, and it seemed there was some meat on her legs, a hint of a curve. About a week after that I had to go to the library and—well, maybe she wasn't absolutely flat-chested.

At the end of a month I was sure her skin wasn't really blotchy, just a few red patches here and there. After two months her voice had developed a peculiar kind of melody, and her eyes seemed soft, even a little glowing.

It's now six months since I first came here and tonight I'm getting all dolled up. I'm as excited as a school kid. My heart is pounding the hell out of my ribs. I finally got a date with Honey. Boy, am I lucky! Hello, Honey!

*AAB, Topeka, Kans.* —Pfc. LEN ZINBERG

*"Two large plates of pork and beans, please."*
—Pfc. John Stygo, Sheppard Field, Tex.

## Saturday Night

SATURDAY night is the high spot of the week for Abilene, Tex. Between 25,000 and 35,000 people live there and all of them try to get downtown on Saturday night. The smart ones drive down to North Pine Street or Cypress Street late in the afternoon to get the best parking places. The best parking places, it might be added, are in front of the Paramount Theater or right across from the Post Office where the bright window lights of the Walgreen Drug Store provide better after-dark visibility.

What do the townspeople do after they get parked, herringbone fashion, head-in to the curb? Why, they sit there and watch the crowds of civilians and soldiers from nearby Army camps stream by. The civilian pedestrians—at least most of them—are intent upon getting somewhere. The soldiers are not. They just drift.

The Army outweighs the town at least two to one. On Saturday nights, an organization known as the Blue Bonnet Brigade engages the soldiers for dance-floor maneuvers. The Blue Bonnets are young unmarried women who must be at least 17 years old, chronologically speaking. At these dances there are usually enough soldiers to make up two companies of marching men. "Tags" happen so rapidly that if a soldier dances more than 18 notes of a piece of fast music he's probably with the most unpopular member of the girls' group.

Tankmen stand around on street corners. So do the medics. So do the Air Force men. Their eyes follow the passing procession. None of them looks very happy in a town which has three small colleges, a church on every corner but not a single taproom. Abilene is dry.

Groups of soldiers—the more venturesome souls—scoot in and out of the stores, which are open Saturday evening until 9. Some of them drift down south of the railroad tracks to Penny Arcade Row. They lounge in the town's three USO clubs, reading, listening to radios and juke boxes, playing ping-pong. The street-corner soldiers watch girls and women walk by, appraising their figures and their walks, making guesses.

Back on Cypress Street a distinct change takes place in the crowds roaming the "bright-light district" after 6 o'clock. Civilians start disappearing from the sidewalks and the early-arriving soldiers discover that reinforcements have moved from camp to town. By 8 or 9 o'clock, civilians get fewer and fewer on the sidewalks. Many of them climb into their automobiles to rest and watch the soldiers move up and down the avenues.

What do the soldiers do then? Well, they go into a cafe and have a steak. Or they go into a drug store and get a coke. Or they go to one of the movies. Or they go back to camp.

That's where the wise guys were all along.

*Camp Barkeley, Tex.* —Pvt. JOHN NORMAN

**CHECKER STRATEGY.** White moves 18 to 15. Black king must jump 21 to 14. . . . Now White exchanges. 15 to 10. Black jumps 14 to 7. White jumps 3 to 10. . . . Black is in a pretty pickle. Though a piece up, he is forced—move by move—into a loss. He moves 9 to 14. White king jumps 10 to 17. . . . Black moves 5 to 9. White king retreats 17 to 21. . . . Black moves 9 to 14. White king further retreats 21 to 25. . . . Black moves 14 to 17. White king moves 25 to 30, getting the exchange he was after. This swap gives White the move on the remaining Black checker. White wins.

**LETTER DIVISION.** 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
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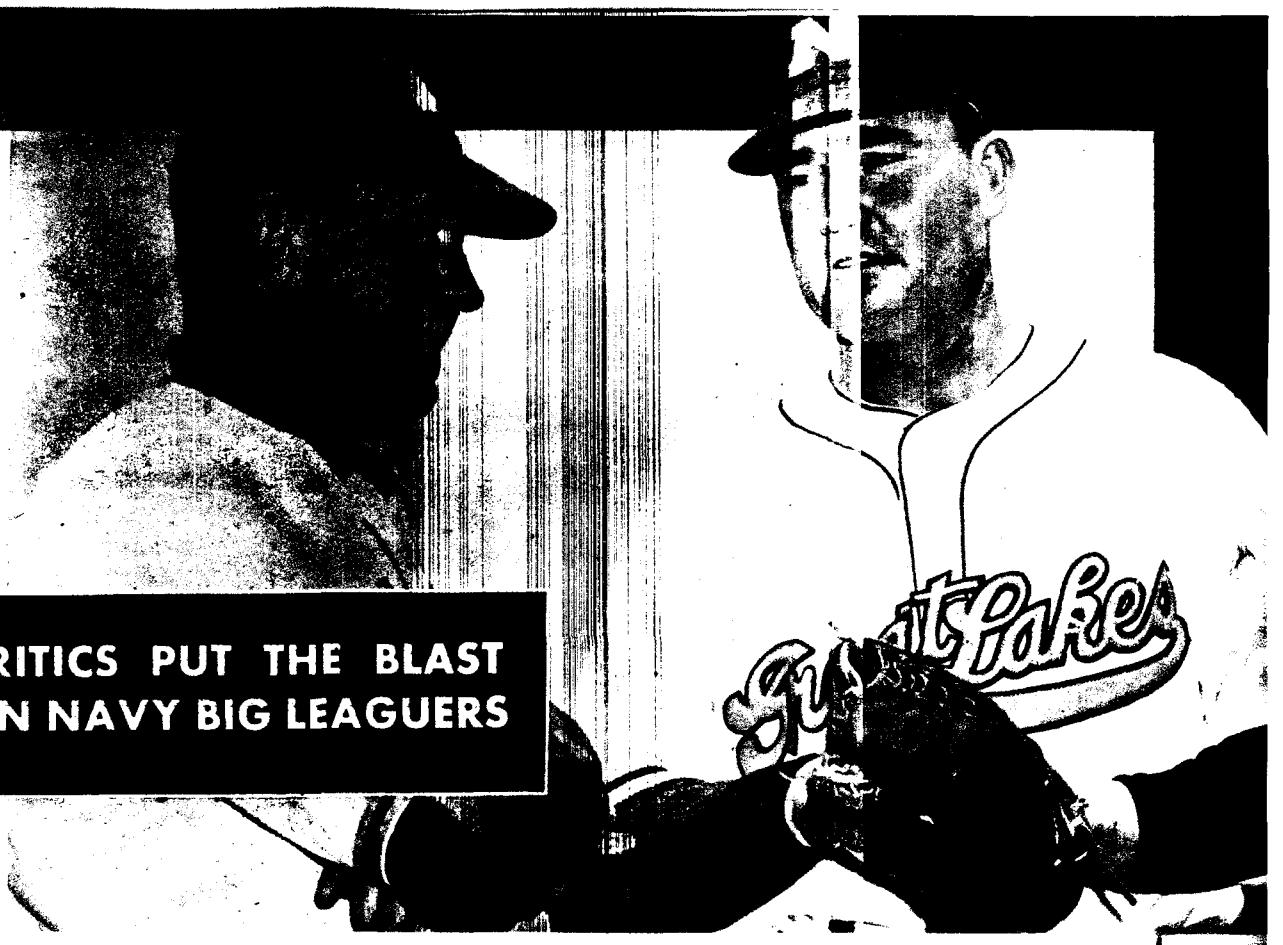
# SPORTS: CRITICS PUT THE BLAST ON NAVY BIG LEAGUERS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER




*Lt. Mickey Cochrane (left) with Johnny Mize before Johnny was shipped out for more intensive training.*

THERE has been a lot of talk lately about the way the Navy is supposed to be keeping its athletes, especially the major-league baseball players, in cold storage at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, while the not-so-talented guys are knocking their brains out on destroyers in the South Pacific. If this is true—if, for example, the Navy is following a well-organized plan to keep Johnny Mize safely anchored in dry-dock until he can return to the New York Giants—then neither the Navy, Mize nor the Giants know anything about it.

No one can honestly accuse the Navy of employing Mize, Feller, Rigney or anybody else for the exclusive purpose of building up the Navy's athletic prestige. True, Mize and a lot of other big-league stars played at Great Lakes last year and the season before, but their status was as legitimate as the next fellow's. Most of them were either commanders of boot companies, boots themselves, gunnery instructors or assigned to the OGU (outgoing unit) and tagged for sea duty.

It's easy to understand why the poison-pen critics have put the blast on Great Lakes. It's the largest and the best-known naval training station in the world, and its athletic teams are the most successful in the armed forces. Therefore, it becomes the most logical target. If these critics—who, incidentally, are the same crowd that fought and lost their fight against intercollegiate sports for servicemen—can make their argument stick against Great Lakes, they would have no trouble in persuading the Navy to de-emphasize baseball, football and basketball at other bases.

There's a pretty good chance that the critics can win their fight this time. They are blasting with sheer sentimental dynamite. They're telling the public there's a growing dissatisfaction among parents, wives and sweethearts because so many major leaguers are fighting this war in cleated shoes. They say, too, that parents are getting fed up comparing batting averages at Great Lakes with those of the *South Dakota* gun crew. If these complaints are true, as the critics allege, then they've only been heard by the critics.

As we said before, Great Lakes is no retreat for major-league baseball players or any other breed of athletic monster. Last summer Lt. Cmdr. Russell Cooke, the station's athletic director and a CPO in the last war, told us that he was running strictly a one-term college as far as athletes were concerned. "These baseball players are in the same bathtub with everybody else here," he said. "And they all look alike to me."

You begin to understand what the commander means by this bathtub business when you thumb through the Great Lakes baseball roster for 1943. Only three players, Joe Grace and Johnny Lucadello from the Browns and Johnny Rigney from the Cubs, were back for a second term. The others were scattered from South Carolina to the South Pacific.

The only reason Grace and Lucadello were held over for another year was that they had distinguished themselves as company commanders. Although Rigney was held over, he did not play with the Bluejackets. The critics soon made a classic example of him. They said he spent most of his time driving umpires out from Chicago to the station for exhibition games while supposedly awaiting transfer to sea duty. In time, they continued, Johnny went to Bainbridge and not overseas.

The truth of the matter is, Rigney was never awaiting shipment to sea. Actually, he was sweating out a commission and was simply marking time until his papers came through. He was assigned to Lt. Mickey Cochrane's office as a handy man, and as such he did drive umpires out to the station and he umpired officer softball games. He also helped out in the boot area as an assistant commander, having been a commander himself the past winter. As it turned out, Rigney failed to get his commission, mainly because he had only 2½ years of college and the Navy feels that a fellow should have a degree before he can cut a navigation course. His transfer to Bainbridge was a normal procedure.

If there's any suspicion among the parents, as the critics say, about the whereabouts of last year's Great Lakes baseball team, they would do well to read the newspapers. Shortly after the season ended, the whole baseball gang shipped out. One group, including Johnny Mize, Barney McCoskey, Tom Ferrick, Eddie Pellagrini, Bob Harris, Vern Olsen, Joe Grace, Johnny Lucadello and George Dickey, was transferred to Bainbridge for more intensive training. Just recently it was moved again, this time to a West Coast receiving ship. If that's cold storage, then most of the Navy must be well preserved.

What the critics forget is that the not-so-talented guys ain't complaining. Perhaps these critics have never read a sailor's letter, telling his folks with a great deal of pride that he is in a company commanded by Johnny Rigney or that he's taking small-boat instruction from Johnny Mize. Perhaps, too, CPO Bob Feller, a battleship man, who's been home only once in 18 months, can enlighten these critics on what cold storage is like on the convoy run to Murmansk.

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

BOSTON College is up in arms because *Stars and Stripes* in Italy gave Harvard's informal football team credit for a 6-0 victory over BC last fall. It was a 6-6 tie. YANK goofed off by the numbers, too, a few weeks ago on an item about the Camp Croft (S.C.) Crusaders. We referred to them as the first major GI basketball team of this war when it should have read "football." . . . How about a championship match between **Sgt. Joe Louis** and **Sgt. Freddie Mills** of the RAF when Louis goes to England this spring? There are plenty of GIs in the ETO who think Mills, the British light-heavy and heavyweight champ, would have a better chance against Louis than Conn. . . . We don't believe that even the guys in the CBI know that their new deputy commander in chief, **Maj. Gen. Daniel Sultan,** once played on the same football team at West Point with Gen. Dwight Eisenhower. . . . **Pee Wee Reese,** the Dodgers' shortstop, is taking bows for the success of the Norfolk Navy basketball team. He's the manager. . . . **Lt. Patty Berg** says her Minneapolis neighbor, **Lt. Col. Bernie Bierman,** sold her on the idea of joining the Marines. . . . **Sgt. Freddie Crawford,** the old Duke tackle, is somewhere in England with the Eighth Air Force Bomber Command. . . . **Maj. Gregory Boyington,** reported missing after downing his 26th Jap plane to equal **Maj. Joe Foss'** record, won the Pacific Northwest amateur middleweight boxing championship when he was a kid. . . . You can dream up your gag for this one: the bugler at Camp McCoy, Wis., is **Pfc. Ben Gan,** whom you'll remember as **Small Montana,** the flyweight champion.

*Ordered for Induction:* **Jim Bivins,** "duration" heavyweight champion; **Jake Early,** first-string Washington catcher; **Tom Young,** acting head football coach at the University of North Carolina; **Pete Pihos,** Indiana junior who made several All-American football teams at end; **Bobby Ruffin,** nation's No. 4 lightweight contender. . . . *Reclassified 1-A:* **Jimmy Foxx,** one-time slugging first baseman of the Boston Red Sox; **Dutch Leonard,** knuckle-ball pitching star of the Washington Senators; **Marius Russo,** New York Yankee southpaw who stood the Cardinals on their heads in the fourth game of the Series; **Al Milnar,** former Cleveland pitcher traded last season to the St. Louis Browns; **Lon Warneke,** veteran Chicago Cub right-hander. . . . *Rejected:* **Beau Jack,** lightweight champion, because an Army psychiatrist found him uneducatable. . . . *Discharged:* **Pfc. Bob Westfall,** Michigan's All-American spin-back, from the Army with a CDD. . . . *Promoted:* **Tom Heeney S1c,** who once fought Gene Tunney for the title, to chief petty officer in New Caledonia. . . . *Transferred:* **Maj. Bobby Jones** from Mitchel Field, N. Y., to Eighth Air Force, England, as an intelligence officer; **Pvt. Sixto Escobar,** bantamweight champ, from Puerto Rico to the Panama Canal.

**TALKING IT OVER** after the Bear Mountain (N. Y.) Ski Jump are Merrill Barber (left) and Sgt. Torger Tokle, powerful jumping ace from Camp Hale, Colo. Barber won, scoring 223.7 points to Tokle's 221.7.



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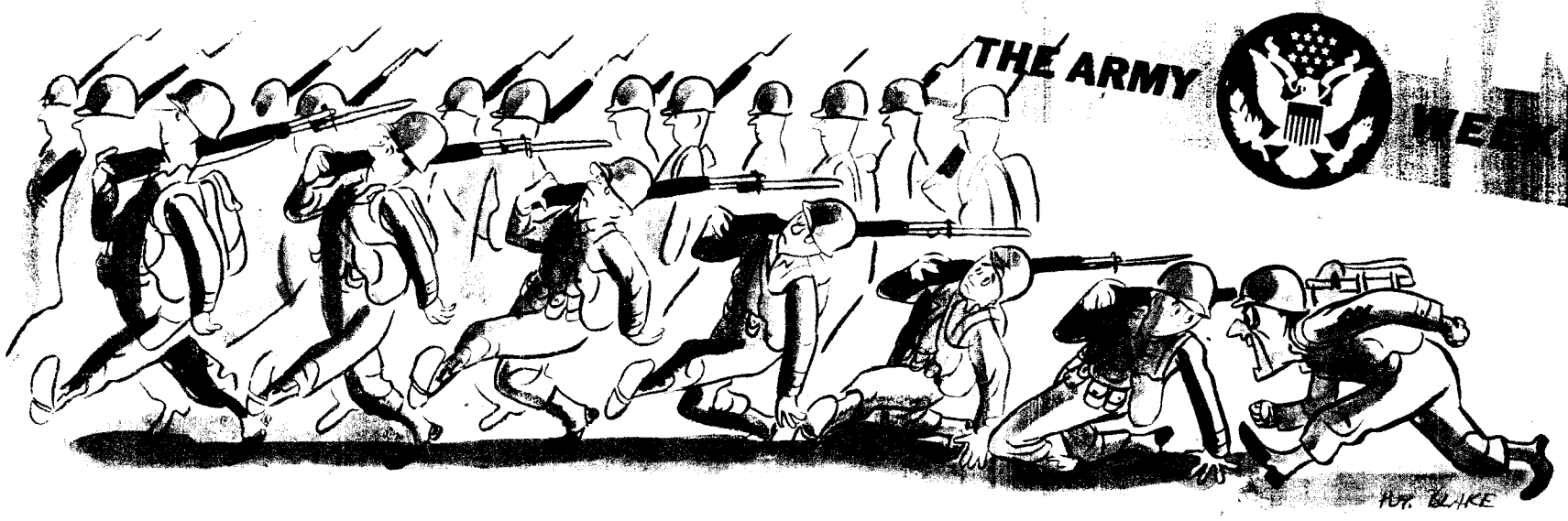
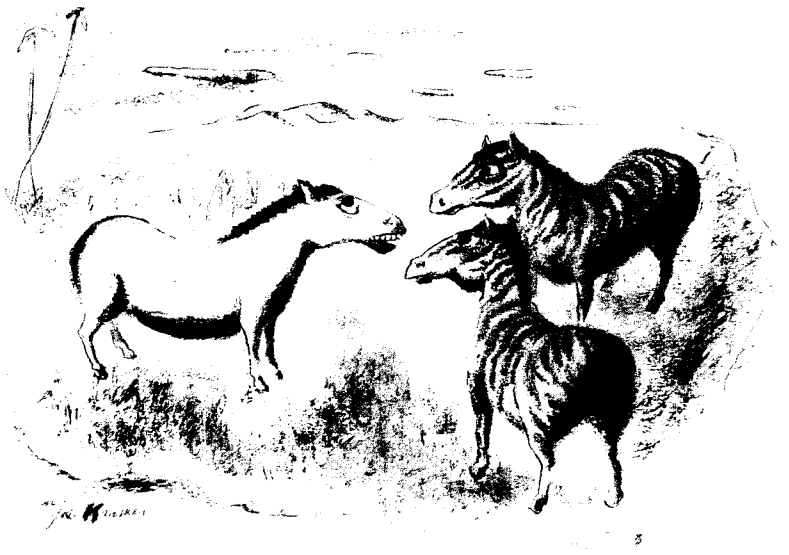



"WELL, WHAT THE HELL'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?"

—Pvt. J. W. Blake

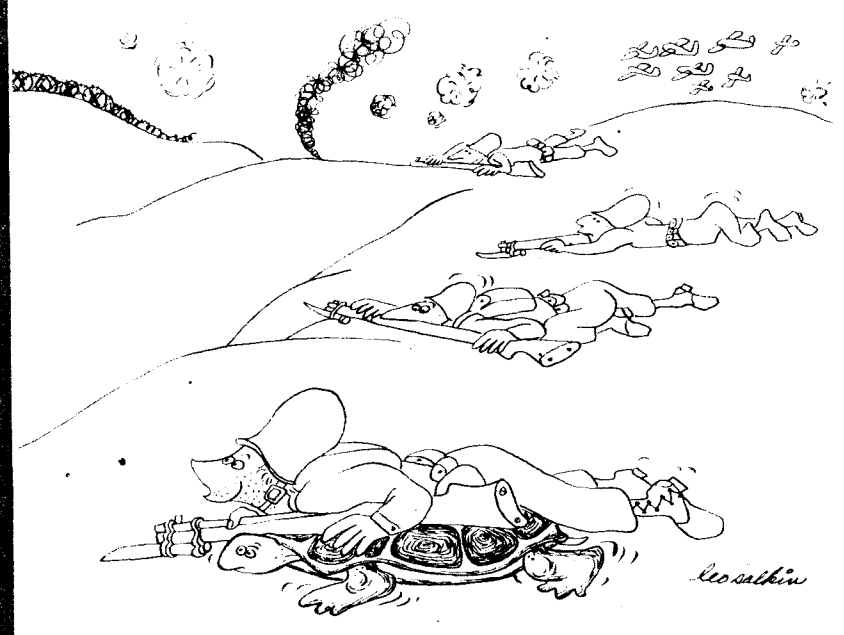
"WE DON'T WISH TO DISCOURAGE SOLDIER ART, CORPORAL, BUT PERHAPS SOMETHING OF A MORE MILITARY NATURE——"

—Sgt. Irwin Caplan



"I WAS BUSTED!"

—Pfc Joseph Kramer



—Leo Salkin PhoM3c

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